American Fascism's "Christian Front"

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NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

August 22, 1939

The N.Y. 'Daily News'

VOX POPULI: VOX PATTERSON

by Robert Terrall

Show Business Showdown

HOW THE INDUSTRY ORGANIZED

by Ella Winter

They Want That New Deal

An Editorial

Hitler Crosses the Alps

by Richard Goodman

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, RICHTER, GARDNER REA, AJAY

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Between Ourselves

CORLISS LAMONT, whose review of Earl Browder's *Fighting for Peace* appears in this issue (page 23), will appear in next week's NM with an article on his own political views. Lamont, a member of a family of Morgan partners, is a friend of socialism and of the Soviet Union. In his article in NM he will tell how and why he came to his present political point of view.

Last week we announced that we had made application for radio time to answer Charles E. Coughlin's allegations concerning the magazine. To date we have received no replies. Letters, phone calls, telegrams from readers might move the stations to action and enable us to reply to this fascist propagandist. Here are the stations: WJR and CKLW, Detroit; WHBI, Newark, N. J.; WWRL, Woodside, N. Y.; WBAL, Baltimore; WHIP, Hammond, Ind.

NM's review of Paramount's anti-labor film *Our Leading Citizen* set off several effective protests against the picture, which also got very derogatory reviews in the film trade papers on the basis of its entertainment qualities alone. Progressives who protest its showing in their neighborhood houses have an excellent chance to force its withdrawal, helped by the fact that managers will be only too glad to get rid of a picture with poor boxoffice promise. Point out to your manager that *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* and *Juarez* have made money for the exhibitor. Anti-labor films do not.

William Pickens' recent article, *Why the Negro Must Be Anti-Fascist* (NM, May 30), is being reprinted in pamphlet form for wide distribution on the West Coast. Mr. Pickens has just finished an important research for NM on a political factor that may swing the next election in the South—the discriminatory poll taxes that obtain in several states. His article will appear in an early issue.

Cartoonist Mischa Richter recently received a gag idea from reader Arthur Stern, who found it in the works of no less a poet than John Keats. The quotation refers to John Lewis' recent characterization of John Garner as a "whisky-drinking, evil old man." Keats put it this way: "Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain . . ." Mr. Richter thought the idea perfect as it stands; illustrating it would be like gilding the lily, or rouging the nose.

Anna Louise Strong's comprehensive article last week on California's Ham-and-Eggs movement was not only the first on the pension plan published in any national magazine but has brought much favorable comment on the Coast from the first readers to see it.

Last Sunday's *Progressive Weekly* carried one of Cartoonist Bill Gropper's rare literary outbursts, a review of David Low's *Cartoon History of Our Times.*

NM has received an official protest from a fraternal organization in Baltimore, denouncing a recent column by Robert Forsythe on Westbrook Pegler. The letter, from the International Brotherhood of Wood Pussies, 8 Skunk Cabbage Drive, Baltimore, Md., follows:

"My dear Mr. Forsythe: An article by you in NEW MASSES of June 20, 1939, has come to our attention. In this article you slanderously and libelously insinuate that Westbrook Pegler is one of us. In the name of every self-respecting polecat, we hereby protest. We consider such stigmatization of our race inexcusable, and we demand immediate retraction. Indignantly yours, Dewey Reek, secretary-treasurer."

Also from the great city of Baltimore, from the very editorial page which Henry Mencken once filled with dots, comes a reprint of NM's recent double talk article, *A Giagre Nalled Mussotler* by Nilknoc. The *Sun* offered it for "the divertissement of young innalectuals who speak the language of Englarx," which is considerable of an improvement on H. L. at that.

NM's Summer Forums continue apace. Last weekend Dale Kramer spoke at Camp Unity and Mike Gold spoke at Camp Beacon. Throughout this week Kenneth Fearing, the poet, is lecturing at Chester's Zunbarg, Woodbourne, N. Y. Simon Breines, architect, who was American consulting engineer for the Soviet Pavilion at the World's Fair, will speak at Camp Beacon this Sunday, and NM Editor Ruth McKenney will talk at Camp Unity the following Sunday.

It should gratify readers to know that the summer forums have yielded plentifully in subscriptions. Speakers and vacationing friends have brought in several hundreds thus far. If you want a book of summer subscription blanks for some new friend, get in touch with NM Circulation Manager H. C. Adamson.

NM is sponsoring a moonlight sail on the *S.S. Susquehanna* on Wednesday, August 30. A good part of the proceeds will go to the magazine. The *Susquehanna* leaves Pier A, Battery Park, at 8 p.m. and returns at 12:30 a.m. Subscription is $1, which covers dancing and entertainment on board. Tickets are on sale at this office.

Who's Who

ROBERT TERRALL's article in this issue is the sixth in his series on large newspapers. . . . Richard Goodman is European correspondent for NM. . . . "The Hitler Kid" is Eugene E. Hurley's first published short story. The author is twenty-four years old, a white collar worker who was born in Holyoke, Mass., and now resides in New York City. . . . Stephen Peabody is a free lance writer on political and economic topics. . . . Corliss Lamont is a member of the editorial council of *Soviet Russia Today* and the editor of an anthology of poetry, *Man Answers Death.* . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is a member of the English Department of New York University. . . . Herbert Aptheker's *The Negro in the Civil War* was published recently. . . . James B. Beatty is a young newspaperman from Pennsylvania who took time off from his classes at Commonwealth College, Mena, Ark., to journey ninety miles to Van Buren for a peep at Paramount's third degree Burns and confusion.

Ella Winter

Readers of America's best known progressive periodicals are well acquainted with the name of Ella Winter, who has traveled and written extensively for many years. She is the author of "Red Virtue," written after a lengthy visit to the Soviet Union, and co-editor with Granville Hicks of the collected "Letters of Lincoln Steffens." Miss Winter was for a time assistant lecturer in economics at the London School of Economics. She is at present living in Hollywood.

This Week

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXII AUGUST 22, 1939 NUMBER 9

Vox Populi: Vox Patterson

Captain Patterson keeps on the jump trying to express his own class interests without losing the working class circulation of his "Daily News." Annenberg and Maury, the Gold Dust twins.

CAPT. JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON, publisher of the New York *Daily News,* was taking the air in Central Park one hot night this summer, his coat over his arm, his collar unbuttoned, cropping away contentedly at a Good Humor. On the Mall he stopped to watch the dancing. A man in the crowd was griping about how the Park Department wouldn't let people dance in their shirtsleeves. "You mean you got to wear *coats?*" said Patterson. "That's right, Mac," said the man.

It burned Patterson up. The next night he sent two of his employees over to the Mall to dance in their shirtsleeves, and after a few minutes a park policeman (in his shirtsleeves) came over and kicked them off. A *News* photographer standing on the sidelines got a good set of pictures.

Patterson, being a friend of the people, particularly the 1,848,320 people who read the *Daily News* (3,464,290 on Sundays), is sensitive about the small injustices of life in a large city. Once he sent a girl reporter up to Yonkers in shorts, because Yonkers had an ordinance forbidding it; and after a lengthy legal contest with Captain Patterson Yonkers reluctantly withdrew the ordinance. Another time he attended a movie at the Paramount Theater in an extravagant state of undress, expecting not to be allowed in, but the doorman must have recognized him, for the *News* didn't conduct a crusade against the Paramount.

It is possible, however, to exaggerate Patterson's informality. The fact is, he doesn't like to work in the office with his coat on. He likes to work in his shirtsleeves. All the executives of the *News* work hard, including Patterson. Harvey Deuell, the managing editor, works so hard he had a nervous breakdown last winter. He is the only managing editor in the city who leaves the office occasionally to see that important stories are getting covered, though of course he gets $130,-567.02 a year for it.

Patterson has an aversion to rich people who don't work for a living, like Babs Hutton. His whole family works. He flew his own plane to San Francisco to cover the general strike of 1934 and the next year he spent a week talking to farmers in the dust bowl about the drought. Most of his time in the last few years has been taken up with the editorial page, which is read by more people than any other editorial page in America.

The "Daily News"

THIS 1919 edition is as British as Fleet Street where the tabloid idea was born. The *News,* however, rapidly took on American flavor and created a distinctive newspaper style. Today, as Robert Terrall points out, it is pretty effective journalism. Its spotty makeup and screwball appeal are well calculated to do the job Patterson wants done. The reporting style is eccentric, but is usually terse and cogent.

Politically, the *News* is often hard to decipher, which also is probably something the owners have figured on carefully. In general, though, despite its lapse of a few months ago, it has stood with the New Deal as firmly as any big paper in the country. During the period of the WPA demolition in Congress, the *News* came out against the building trades strike and the continuance of the arts projects. On the strikes, of course, its position was one taken by certain New Dealers in the high spots. Its hostility toward the arts projects was consistent with its hostility toward art in general. The *News* has long cultivated a hardboiled cynicism and contempt toward culture and prides itself on a militant philistinism.

On matters of foreign policy the *News* has strengthened its support of the New Deal. In the last thirty days it has even urged a joint United States-British blockade of Japan. It calls for an embargo. While its attitude on Europe has not been quite so clear as on Japan, it has modified its previous ultra-isolationist stand to the extent of asking revision of the Neutrality Act and support of the administration-backed Bloom bill.

After he gets to the office in the morning he tells his news executives what minor aspects of metropolitan life he is currently annoyed with, and then he calls in C. D. Batchelor, the *News* cartoonist, and Reuben Maury, the editorial writer, for a conference which lasts most of the day. Maury's function on the paper is that of an intelligent dictaphone. Patterson discourses passionately for an hour or so about the Japanese national character, or the present Mexican government, or traffic regulations, or double features, all of which burn him up; and soon Maury excuses himself and goes off to arrange what Patterson has said in paragraphs. Then Patterson goes over it to take out any phrases which sound highbrow. He speaks with a Groton accent, but he would rather not have his readers know it.

Reuben Maury is the exact opposite of most editorial writers, who write editorials against Roosevelt because they would be fired if they didn't. He also writes editorials for *Collier's,* where his admiration for stern characters like Woodrum of Virginia can be made more apparent. He is always asking Patterson if it isn't about time for another editorial on Roosevelt's foreign policy. He used to go to meetings of the Newspaper Guild unit and sit in the back row and look on sardonically without saying anything. A few months ago he sent the *Guild Reporter* a long letter urging the guild to do more "cooperating and compromising with employers and the general public," and since reaction seemed to be triumphing all over the world, not to reelect Heywood Broun. "It is a matter of adjusting to changing times," said Maury, "or of being bopped in the nose by Fate."

Maury has been happier in his job the last few months. In 1933 Patterson said he would support the New Deal for at least a year, and he supported it earnestly for a good while longer.

HE ISN'T SURE

Patterson is always stopping people on the street and asking them dubiously what they think of Roosevelt's chances. Whenever Max Annenberg, circulation director of the *News,* gets back from one of his frequent visits to the races, Patterson has a talk with him about what the wise money is thinking. Patterson is a fan of Dr. Gallup's; now and then he conducts a straw vote himself. Once he conducted a straw vote on whether or not men

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should be allowed to wear pajamas on the street. During the last election he went along with one of the caravans of inquisitors which traveled out from New York and fell upon a small city; he rang doorbells implacably and talked with housewives. Just now he has a reporter traveling around the country asking people what they think about the third term. If there is a Roosevelt bandwagon in 1940 he wants to be on it. His editorials, at this doubtful period, are neither for Roosevelt nor against him; it depends on how quarrelsome he feels that morning. When he goes to Washington he still stops over at the White House in a social way, and a few months ago he was an overnight guest at Hyde Park. But he has been heard to pronounce the name of Vandenberg with some speculation, and last spring there was a little editorial in the *News* saying that if Thomas E. Dewey got the Republican nomination, New York would be proud of him.

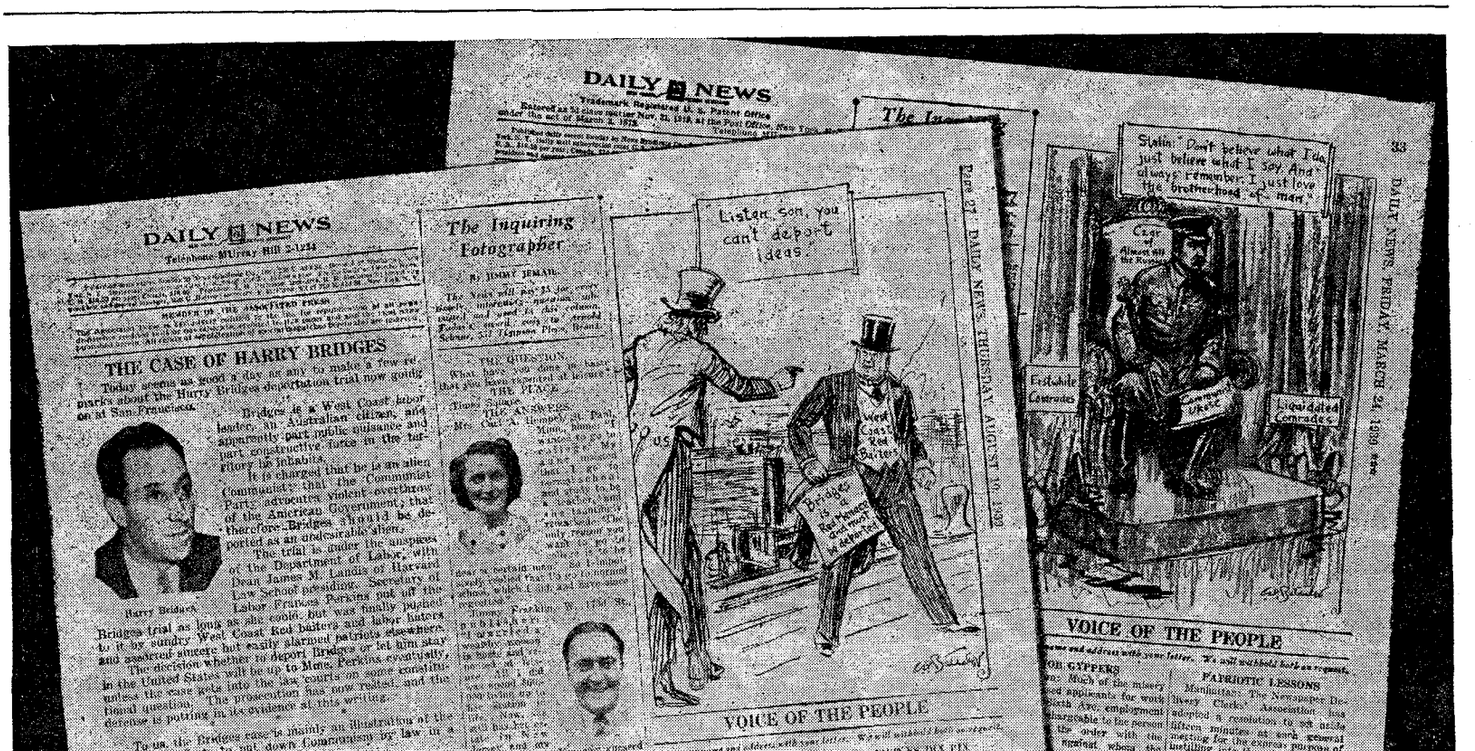
The *News* has room for only two big stories a day, and the rest of the news has to be cut down to brief paragraphs and sprinkled through the paper to satisfy the curious desire of advertisers to be next to reading matter. In the early days the big stories were usually about the scandalous habits of the rich, but now, as Patterson has become more conscious of his responsibilities, they are often about politics and war. "The New Deal," as he said once, "has taken the place of Peaches Browning." The *News* makes a practice of having some kind of story in its final edition to match every story on the front page of that day's *Times*.

As a newspaper, the *News* has its peculiarities. Last fall when it was conducting experiments in the predetermination of the sex of rats just at the time of the Hitler pogroms, *News* readers were given almost no information about the pogroms. Of course the *News* is a picture paper, and there are more photographers on its staff than reporters. Its prose style may not be as riotous as it was ten years ago, but it is more riotous than the prose of its competitors. And it isn't longwinded. The elegant type of dispatch from Europe, describing the latest moods of responsible circles and reliable sources close to the foreign office, is callously rewritten by someone on the cable desk in what the *News* promotion department calls "the dramatic style of news presentation." Besides AP and UP, the *News* employs the services of the foreign staff of the Chicago *Tribune* and the London *Daily Mirror*, a paper which is so tabloid-minded that it makes the *News* seem pompous. The cable desk rewrites all the dispatches from the *Mirror*.

PATTERSON'S BELLICOSE NATURE

Patterson has always taken pleasure in little controversies. "Voice of the People," on the editorial page, is so designed that every letter is an affront to a whole section of the *News* readership, which immediately sits down and writes outraged letters aggravating another section of readers. Phil Payne, the most melodramatic of the *News'* early managing editors, hired a man to do nothing but write controversial letters, and the man insulted so many readers in the first month that "Voice of the People" has been self-sustaining ever since. Goofy Kate writes in to say that all Irishmen stink, Boy of Seventeen is generally disgusted with girls, Honey from Brooklyn thinks people who live in the Bronx are dopes. Part of Maury's job is to pick the letters, and lately there have been two or three letters a day attacking Russia or the Wagner act. One of the *News'* regular correspondents is someone named Escaped Russian Peasant. Copy boys who are familiar with Maury's requirements write letters and make bets that they will appear. One caption writer made the department several months running with letters in dialect signed Wladek Havlek.

Recklessly, ever so often, the *News* starts a controversy on a subject bigger than the comparative merits of Brooklyn and the Bronx. In a series of editorials last November Patterson warned his readers not to be "too emotional" about the persecutions of the Jews. They were no business of ours, "it would do no good to send official protest," possibly the violence had simply been provoked by "the racial faults of old-world Jews." A few weeks later John O'Donnell sent in from Washington eleven columns of quotations from a Silver Shirt pamphlet about Jews, and the *News* printed them all. Eleven columns is a lot of space in a paper like the *News*. By the next afternoon several hundred letters had come in, and Patterson and Maury worked out a thoughtful editorial. "The Bill of Rights does not mean that Americans are forbidden to dislike other Americans on religious or other grounds," it said. "Plenty of people are just now exercising their right to dislike the Jews." A short while later the


DAILY NEWS
THE CASE OF HARRY BRIDGES
The Inquiring Fotographer
Listen Son, you can't deport ideas
VOICE OF THE PEOPLE
Stalin: Don't believe what I do, just believe what I say. And always remember: I just love the brotherhood of man.
Liquidated Comrades
Faithful Comrades
DAILY NEWS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1939
DAILY NEWS, FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1939

THE RED BOGY AND THE "NEWS." *You can never tell when you will find editorialized Red-baiting in the "News," but a little diligent research will show it. Here are two Batchelor cartoons that look a bit silly in juxtaposition. In the Bridges case, the "News" has been fairly decent, standing pat by the idea in the cartoon. On the Soviet Union, the "News" uses AP and UP material and its editorials are about average. During the recent crisis on the arts projects, the "News" neglected the Red-baiting of other papers and attacked the projects in its own way.*

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News spoke of opponents of Hitler as "the Jewish group." Another editorial reported that the Jews of England had been offering their daughters to "bent or busted British aristocrats." The *Daily Worker,* late in February, recited the evidence and concluded that the *News,* which at that time, with all its uncertainties, was the principal supporter of the New Deal in New York, was anti-Semitic. The next day Patterson called upon the Dies committee to investigate the *Daily Worker.*

THE INCOMPATIBLE COUSINS

Joseph Patterson is vice president of the Chicago *Tribune,* and his cousin, Col. Robert McCormick of the *Tribune,* is vice president of the *News.* There is no question that Patterson, who was indignant at being listed as a member of America's Sixty Families, and McCormick, who was probably delighted, are incompatible. But the *News* has the biggest circulation in America and the *Tribune* has the second biggest, which is a bond between them. In 1934, when McCormick was wondering whether he hated the New Deal more than he loved circulation, he said, "Profits are sometimes not the true measure of a newspaper's worth," a recognition of the fact that the *News* makes a lot more money than the *Tribune,* approximately $5,000,000 a year. At one time the *News* made money from circulation alone, and its advertising revenue simply went into the pockets of the Medill Trust, meaning Patterson, McCormick, and their sisters. It occasionally turns away advertising for lack of space. When the other New York papers raised their price last year to 3 cents and cut their advertising rates the *News* refused to do either. An executive of Bloomingdale's called up Patterson to find out why, and Patterson asked him coldly, Did he tell Bloomingdale's what to charge for a sofa?

In the early 1930's, when New York was just about flat broke, there was a big Save New York meeting in Wall Street, attended by all the publishers and a few men of the stature of Thomas Lamont, Richard Whitney, and John D. Rockefeller. Patterson didn't go, but sent a substitute editorial writer to represent him. McCormick would have gone, and he would have done all the talking. Patterson once went along with a reporter to interview the president of a New York bank which was on the point of folding; he pointed a finger at the banker and said, "You bankers have been the ruin of everything you have put your hands on! Since the beginning of time!" The banker recognized him. "You're Patterson," he said. "When I was a clerk in a bank on the Chicago Loop you were up in front on a soapbox." "Never mind that," said Patterson, "am I right or am I wrong?" Patterson prefers the company of actors and actresses to the company of bankers. He goes to the movies almost every day, and whenever he becomes subject to one of his fits of admiration for an actress he prints her picture in four colors in the Sunday *News.*

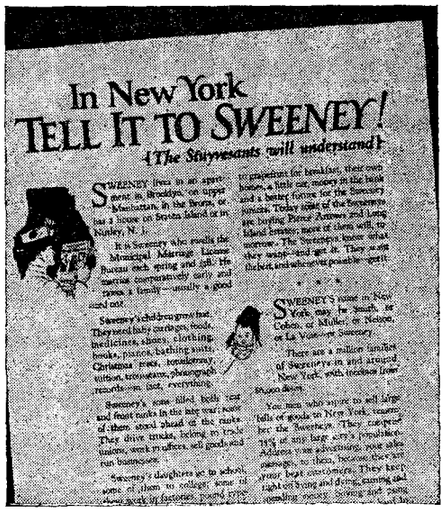
The only unusual thing about Patterson's office is that he has a hatchet on the wall of his private toilet in case he gets locked in and has to chop his way out. McCormick, who doesn't come to New York more than once a month, has an office in the *News* building which would not displease Mussolini—two floors deep, red porphyry walls, long dark red drapes, an immense chandelier, and early Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer furniture. The bathroom is done in red onyx. He used to have a sign hung on one of the *News* Building elevators whenever he came to town—"Mr. McCormick's private elevator"—and nobody else could use the elevator that day. Once when Patterson was coming in from lunch he took down the sign and tucked it under his arm. It hasn't appeared since.

A while ago Heywood Broun wrote a column saying he was tired of hearing about the great loathing between Patterson and McCormick, considering that each took a cut from the other's paper. McCormick has found recently that he could say a few good words about the *News* editorial page, and Patterson has reprinted the work of Orr, the *Tribune's* cartoonist. The Broun column made Patterson very sore.

Patterson doesn't think much of his fellow publishers. On Monday he spreads the Sunday *Times* all over the floor of his office to show his visitors how unreadable it is. In wartime no civilized general staff ever has its planes drop bombs on the headquarters of the enemy general staff, for fear of being bombed back; and newspaper publishers ordinarily operate on the same principle. Patterson, however, has often spoken sharply to the other members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Most publishers have felt that, in the face of something as menacing to their conception of the Bill of Rights as the Newspaper Guild, publishers should stick together. Patterson wrote a few amused editorials about this state of alarm. He said that if he were a reporter himself he would certainly join the guild, and pretty soon the guild had a majority of *News* editorial employees. Roy Howard got Patterson to promise that he would never deal with the guild without informing him first, so when Patterson decided to deal with it he informed Howard by cable (Howard was in Shanghai) and it spoiled Howard's whole vacation. Guild raises on the *News* add up to about a quarter of a million dollars a year. In April Patterson saved more than half that by the simple device of putting the folio line on the side margin instead of on top, making more room for advertisements. Other publishers, who have more room for advertisements than the advertisers want, look unhappy when guild negotiators mention the *News.* Sometimes they speak of the famous *News* pension plan, which was going to start paying off in 1938, and in 1938, just as about a hundred people became eligible, was abandoned. And though everyone on the *News,* under the guild shop contract, must join the guild six months after he is hired, some *News* employees have been fired by telegram on midnight of the last day of the fifth month, so the firing wouldn't be taken up by the guild grievance committee.

MAX

There is a division of labor on the *News.* Patterson likes to have people think of him as a kind of metropolitan St. Francis of Assisi, but Max Annenberg, his second-in-command, has no such pretensions. The part played by Max in the Chicago circulation wars thirty years ago is fairly well known, but if anyone talks about it he sues for libel. He once said, "Can I sue for libel if it's true?" Last year, in a book of reminiscences, Burton Rascoe described Max as a "burly barbarian," and Max sued him for $250,000. All Rascoe said was that Max had employed gangsters and sluggers, destroyed the property of competitors, committed violence with dangerous weapons, and instigated lawlessness. That, said Max, not only injured his good reputation, character, and feelings, but held him up to public scorn, hatred, contempt, obloquy, and ridicule and caused him to be shunned by friends and acquaintances. "The plaintiff is and always has been," said Max, "a forthright, honest, and faithful citizen." Patterson, when he was young and a Socialist, was Chicago's commissioner of public works at the same time that



THE BIG MONEY. *The "News" circulation jumped from 32,534 in 1919 to 633,578 in 1923 to 1,848,320 in 1939. The money started pouring in around 1924, when a new kind of advertising campaign was started. Before 1924 the advertisers preferred to stay out of the "News"; the "vulgar" sheet, with its deliberate appeal to low-income groups, didn't have "advertising acceptance," as the trade refers to this publishing halitosis. The famous "Tell It to Sweeney" brochures, clever, thorough, and slick in appearance, put the emphasis on the "News" readers rather than on the paper itself. The promotion literature didn't say what a fine newspaper the "Daily News" is, but they did tell a good many facts about its working class readership. The campaign worked. The "News" has on occasion refused advertising because its presses just couldn't print any more.*

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Max, as circulation manager of the Hearst *American,* was giving employment to a number of men, like Dion O'Banion, who later made their names in other fields. When Patterson was back in private life he gave Max a job on the *Tribune*. Max has worked for him ever since.

By the time he took over the circulation directorship of the *News* Max had built up a reputation. Newsstand operators who had heard of him kept copies of the *Mirror* under copies of the *News* till the *News* was sold out. In the first year or so after the *News* was started, 1919 and 1920, Patterson gave the paper away free to the newsboys, remarking on one occasion, "Sell them for 1 cent or 2 cents, give them away if necessary, but, boys, don't throw them down the sewer." If an out-of-the-way news dealer sells a *News* for 5 cents now and Annenberg hears about it, two or three vigorous inspectors go out in a fast car and tell him not to do it again.

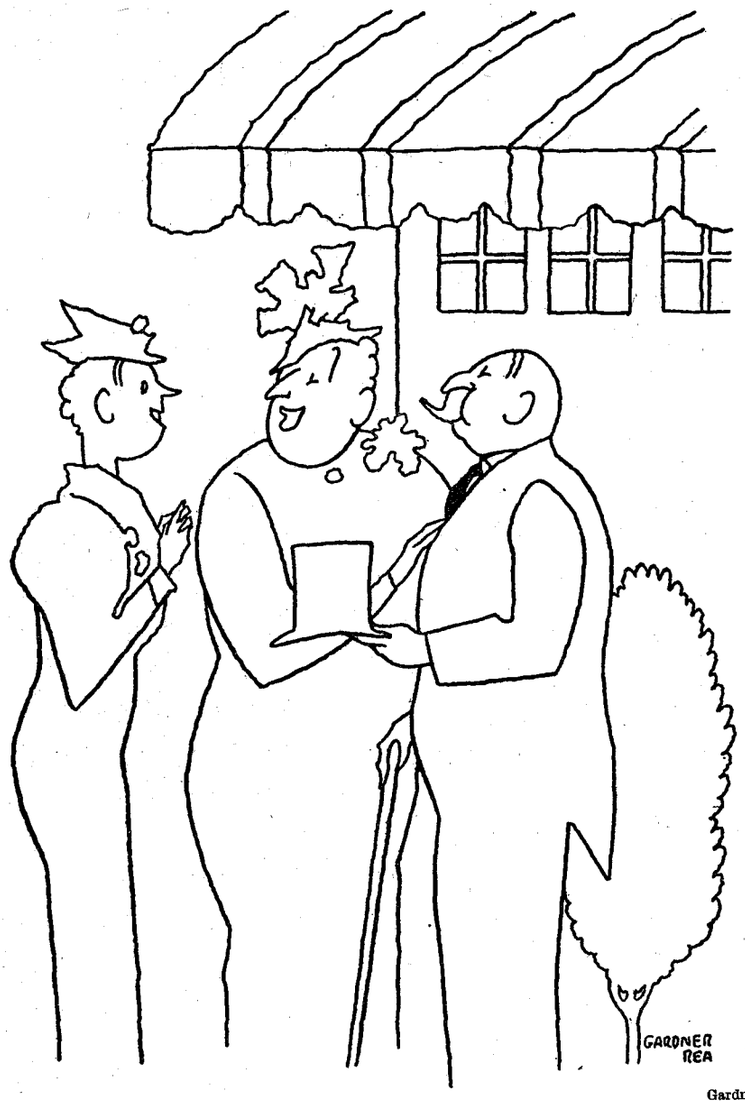
Annenberg sits in on all of Patterson's conferences, and the other executives listen to his ideas. A *News* managing editor was once fired for speaking ill of Max Annenberg. Like Patterson, Annenberg likes to pick political winners; he is almost always on the right horse at the races. He negotiates with the mechanical unions for all the New York publishers, and he was never frightened by the guild. Guild negotiations were going on listlessly till Annenberg read over the transcript and asked the management negotiators what the hell was so bad about the guild shop? The newspaper deliverers' union was organized with the help of Max in Chicago. It is neither AFL nor CIO—it is affiliated, they say, with the A. F. of Annenberg. During the big New York building service strike Max, for his friend Jim Bambrick, told all the elevator operators to get into the union; one elevator operator voted against it, which hurt Max. Max is acquainted with a number of well-to-do labor leaders. When Joe Ryan of the longshoremen is given a testimonial banquet Max calls up the city desk to see that it gets covered. The only workers in the *News* plant who aren't unionized are the guards—thirty or forty amiable ex-marines in fancy uniforms who guard the building, armed with revolvers, rifles, and machine guns. There is a machine gun emplacement on the ground floor. The guards have an elaborate signaling system, and every fifteen minutes they signal one another that everything is all right. Every hour an officer goes around and tries all the doors. The other workers in the plant, who would be entirely defenseless without this peculiar institution, call it Annenberg's 101 Ranch.

WHY DOES IT HAVE SO MANY READERS?

Patterson, who is now sixty, seldom gets dressed up any more in old clothes and pretends to be a Bowery bum, as he used to do for extended periods, but he realizes that the moment he develops different tastes from the readers of the *News,* the *News'* circulation will start down. That is the reason he goes to so many movies. He is always pulling stunts to distinguish the *News* even further from other New York papers. To cover the visit of the king and queen of England he sent George Dixon, the leading husky on the *News* staff, who could be counted on not to be too bowled over in the presence of royalty. His stories, written in the *News'* hard-boiled, slightly whimsical style, were accompanied by photographs of Dixon in a cutaway, his hat on the back of his head and a small space showing between his vest and his pants. The *News* runs a number of annual contests which don't require any erudition from the contestants: the Golden Gloves, the Silver Skates, and the Harvest Moon Ball. Max Annenberg makes all the police arrangements for the contests, and he has a former Golden Gloves heavyweight champion as a bodyguard.

Max has a standing circulation order that there must be a picture of a Negro in every issue. But probably the best reason for the *News'* big circulation is the intimacy between it and its readers. Then there are the comic strips, the one big thing besides Max Annenberg which the *Tribune* and the *News* have in common. Patterson thought up the Gumps, Little Orphan Annie, Dick Tracy, and Moon Mullins, and he still has most of the good ideas. When he is out of town the artist of Little Orphan Annie draws in labor organizers with beards and bombs, standing on soapboxes stirring up the workers against their kindly employers. Patterson's current favorite is the Gumps. When he was in Russia a few years ago he was shown through the *Pravda* plant in Moscow, and stopped to discuss publishing problems with one of the *Pravda* editors. Suddenly Patterson said, "What you ought to do is put the Gumps in *Pravda.*" The *Pravda* editor, a little startled, asked Patterson how that would help the cause of socialism. "You put the Gumps in *Pravda,*" said Patterson stubbornly, "and you'll drive *Izvestia* off the newsstands in two weeks."

ROBERT TERRALL.



Gardner Rea

MAJOR NERTZ OF THE FASCIST SHIRTS

"He's the most generous thing alive. Why, he feels just as happy about what Congress did to WPA as if he'd done it himself!"

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Show Business Showdown

How the entertainment industry organized itself. Radio, stage, and screen develop unions of their own choosing. Keeping out the racketeers. The facts behind the "A" unions.

Hollywood.

ONE doesn't easily associate labor struggle with Hollywood. Yet in the last few years labor struggles have occupied the spotlight backstage in the movie town. They are one of the factors which have kept the minds and the spirit of the movie folk moving, and a powerful aid in keeping the town anti-fascist. Financed as pictures are by Wall Street, it would not be difficult to have the policy of the studios follow the desires of banking circles—both in relation to their workers and the content of their pictures. Bankers sit in on story conferences as it is.

An astonishing victory is on the way to being won by labor in Hollywood, over what is probably a not too liberal employers' organization—the Motion Picture Producers Association. And it is being won in the teeth of every device honored by employers since unionism began—employer-union cooperation, company unionism, bribery on a scenario-like scale, intimidation, strong-arm tactics, and racketeering at its most lurid. The international leadership of the main union of the craft workers of Hollywood—the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees (IATSE)—has been a prize example of "racketeering unionism," a laboratory example of "how it's done."

Composed of fourteen separate craft locals now, organized in an industrial union, the IATSE started in 1893 as an old-line international AFL union with jurisdiction over the mechanical section of the theatrical stage. About 1913 it started organizing in motion pictures and now about 20 percent of the membership is in Hollywood. The federated crafts include sound electricians, machinists, cameramen, motion picture projectionists, plasterers, laboratory workers, stage electricians, makeup men, props, grips, costumes, etc. The largest local is Local 37—the Technicians Union.

The history of the union has followed the development of the motion picture. The first period, 1919-26, was one of jurisdictional squabbles and the attempt to organize, led by the IA. These squabbles were so disastrous that in 1926 less than one thousand members were unionized in the whole industry. Five internationals dominated, Carpenters, Teamsters, Musicians, Electrical Workers, and the IATSE. These five got together with the producers and signed a basic agreement establishing jurisdictional lines and setting up a super-controlling body, the International Committee, as bargaining agent. An office was established in Hollywood; the locals were permitted to go ahead and organize. There was no closed shop agreement.

This period in the movies might be called the Golden Era of Individual Enterprise—when Lewis J. Selznick, Marcus Loew, Adolph Zukor, William Fox did their gargantuan financing with a kind of Arabian Nights magic and breathlessness. They borrowed, usually, on short term loans at high rates of interest, and their pictures were colossal gambles. But this was also a period when conditions in the industry were fairly good, labor relations were a "family affair," and the issue of working conditions was not to the fore.

The automatic forces of growth, however, began to evolve increasingly complex specimens of vertical trust, and even though these were, in the words of Terry Ramsay, conservative film historian, "as inevitable as . . . the tree elaborating its organic processes from soil to nuts," they still brought human problems in their wake. With the introduction of sound, and the enormous production outlays this necessitated, the entire productional setup changed. Producers' units were established, directors' powers were curtailed, and control virtually passed from the individual producer to Wall Street. This meant "stabilization" and rationalization of the industry—those two terms which have meant worsening of working conditions and a major period of industrial unrest in America's labor history. In the movies, as in steel, textiles, and shipping, there was speedup, growing job insecurity, overtime work without overtime pay, and then growing tyranny to stem the growing unrest. Wages were unbelievably low for an industry so generally associated with fabulous money and great generosity. Average annual technicians' earnings, which in 1929 were $2,463, had by 1935 dropped to $1,767, while in 1937 studio painters, carpenters, and plasterers—those who make the million dollar sets of the publicity stories—were averaging $1,500 a year. Members of these crafts worked fewer than 65 percent of the year's working days in 1937; not more than 20 percent have steady work. A button snapper for instance, ten years in the industry, whose hourly wage was $1.21, received an average of $25.98 a month over a period of six months. A propmaker received $60 a month; another worker's wages for six months were $475. And in the very years in which technicians' wages were between $1,000 and $2,000, five film companies (Columbia, Loew's, Paramount, 20th Century-Fox, Warner's) reported a 25 percent increase in profits and Mr. Louis B. Mayer was preparing to install his million-dollar racing stable.

THE COLUMBIA STRIKE

Fireworks began in earnest in 1933. There was a one-day strike of sound men at Columbia. Sound technicians were not in the IA and therefore operated under open shop conditions. They were ordered out on strike, in order to get recognition and the closed shop. When Columbia refused to settle, the IA threatened a general strike. The producers called this bluff, and the famous "fishing trip" strike took place. The locals received a telegram from their international president in Chicago calling the strike; the men were told "to go fishing" while the officials settled. There were no strike meetings, most of the men did not know what the strike was about. When they sent a committee east to find out—after receiving no answer to telegrams and letters—they were told the Executive Board had never authorized the strike!

The other internationals sent their men in to take the jobs of the "striking" IATSE men; and so the purpose of the "strike" was achieved. The locals of the IA were crushed.

After this the IA was virtually non-existent. But the drive for unity and real working conditions grew, and with it grew terroristic activities to defeat this drive. Two new industrial organizations were formed—the Motion Picture Industrial Association, in 1934 (which lasted about eight months), and the National Association of Cinema Employees, 1935. Former Police Capt. William E. Hines and his Red Squad put in much effort trying to break up these organizations.

In 1934 a national convention of the IA was held; no delegates were elected; people were appointed to represent Hollywood. This convention typified the handling of the local unions for the next five years. The rank and file hardly knew what took place.

Then, late in 1935, George Browne, president of the international, turned toward Hollywood—potentially the most lucrative field in the country. He came out, saw the producers, conquered—and by the beginning of 1936 had clamped on the industry—without consultation with the men, without election, and without negotiation—the five-year closed shop contract by which the conditions of studio workers have ever since been governed.

GROWTH OF IATSE

At the time of the signing of this *closed shop agreement* there were less than one hundred members of the IATSE in Hollywood. Within three weeks there were twelve thousand members of the IATSE in Hollywood.

What happened then was enough to give the town its reputation of "wonderland."

The day after the agreement was signed, notices appeared in all the studios, prominently displayed on bulletin boards, telling all workers within the jurisdiction of the IATSE to join that organization. Studio department heads signed union applications; workers were refused entrance into the studio without first

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showing their dues payment receipts. The IA published large paid advertisements in trade journals boasting that they had been able to obtain a closed shop contract when the total membership in Hollywood was less than one hundred. Initiation fees were $10 and dues $3 a month, payable quarterly in advance.

The rank and file were told no conditions of the agreement; they have not learned them to this day. There have been no meetings of the Hollywood locals, no elections, no collective bargaining. Hourly wages sound high, but they do not mean high annual earnings. Speedup is resorted to as in textile factories in the South. Men have to be "on call" twenty-four hours a day; they are told by telephone if they are needed in the studio. Payment is often by the day. There is a constant influx of outsiders, men appointed by studio heads, while numbers of older workers, who have been years in the industry, are passed over. No overtime is paid laboratory workers, who frequently have to work half the night when there is a rush job of cutting. Men who are friendly to studio heads receive preferential treatment—even to the extent of juggling the initiation fee from $100 to $10. Union cards are issued on the recommendation of studio heads. Men who complain are just not called to work. One worker's story tells the story of all:

I told my boss at MGM that I wouldn't stand those conditions and that I was quitting. He was surprised but remained calm. My fellow workers were delighted. It tickled them to see the company told where the hell to get off at. It tickled me too...

I got a job at the Paramount Laboratory . . . The speedup was something. They had developers that could run 250 feet a minute . . . Worst of all was the "picture system." You were on the payroll but you didn't have a steady job. Working "steady" was every worker's dream . . .

The poor bastards were always on the anxious bench about money. It got so they were almost ready to grovel for a few days' work.

This man changed his job again and went to Technicolor, although that was open shop and pay was only 50 cents an hour.

Before I got back in at Technicolor the plant went union. The IA took it over. It sure was a hell of a way for a union to come into a plant. About five months before the union came in the fellows went to the local and wanted to be organized. The union said sure, so the guys expected something. But nothing happened. Things just dragged on. Then the agreement was signed, in a hell of a hurry. The management was scared of CIO, I suppose. It was sure a funny way for a union to come into a place. There wasn't any committee of workers or anything. The fellows in the plant didn't even see the agreement. As far as I know they haven't seen it yet. . . .

. . . The workers took an awful beating to pay for the increased cost involved in the union rate. The company speeded up to beat hell. Some types of machines were notched up 100 percent . . .

There isn't any steward to whom the workers can take their beefs. As far as I know there isn't a steward in any lab. Of course, it's no wonder. It's that kind of a union.

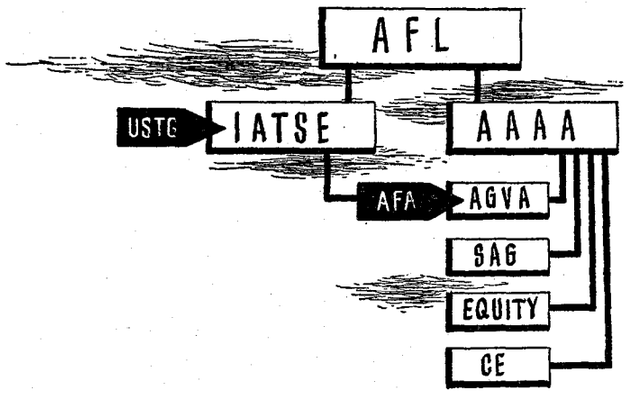
One interesting phenomenon developed. IATSE officials transact no business with their members by mail; not even a formal receipt for dues payments is posted. Can there be fear of mail fraud prosecution?

And now a fateful man came to Hollywood. He came unknown, to head the local IA. And hereby hangs a long, long Hollywood tale.

ELLA WINTER.

Miss Winter's second article on the Hollywood unions will appear next week.

Heads and Tails of the Entertainment Union Muddle



Darryl Frederick

AFL: The American Federation of Labor, with which all contending unions except USTG are affiliated, has George E. Browne of IATSE as fifteenth vice president. Bill Green last week stalled a perfectly clear constitutional decision by setting up an arbitration committee consisting of Daniel Tobin, Matthew Woll, and Thomas Rickett.

IATSE: The International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees has forty thousand stagehands, projectionists, production workers, and exchange employees, in 725 intimidated locals. George E. Browne, the president, is a stooge of Willie Bioff, ex-Capone gangster, who was ousted as international representative following the revelation that he took a $100,000 bribe from Joseph Schenck, producer. Browne has the power to void local autonomy in "an emergency." Most of the locals have a permanent emergency. Members pay a 2 percent assessment on their salaries to "the International President's Fund," accountable to no one. IATSE has had many jurisdictional battles with other AFL unions and has organized only 15 percent of the workers in the field, which also includes movie house and film exchange employees all over the country.

USTG: The United Studio Technicians Guild is an independent union of Hollywood technicians only, formed in July 1939, after Browne revoked local IATSE autonomy and chartered five new craft unions in Hollywood. USTG has been aided in organizing by the CIO and AFL progressives but is unaffiliated. Potential membership is ten thousnad. NLRB now considering recognition.

AAAA: The Associated Actors and Artistes of America, Frank Gillmore, international president, is the parent body of eleven performers' unions, now fighting George Browne's grab.

AFA: The American Federation of Actors, Sophie Tucker, president, Ralph Whitehead, executive secretary, had its charter revoked constitutionally by AAAA after an investigation proved Whitehead guilty of negligence and misplacing of funds. Browne thereupon chartered the discredited AFA as "Division A" of IATSE, in the first move to gain control of the actors.

AGVA: The American Guild of Variety Artists, Eddie Cantor, president pro tem, was chartered July 1939 by AAAA with jurisdiction over night club and vaudeville artists formerly members of AFA. Has signed a majority of former AFA members and got the militant support of other AAAA unions.

SAG: The Screen Actors Guild, Ralph Morgan, president, has loaned funds to AGVA and its members flew to Atlantic City to demand that Bill Green revoke George Browne's AFA charter.

EQUITY: Actors Equity Association, covering all legitimate stage performers, has loaned organizing funds to AGVA. CE: Chorus Equity has also loaned funds.

OTHER UNIONS: AAAA's seven other affiliated unions have rallied to AGVA; AFRA, the newly chartered American Federation of Radio Artists; AGMA, Lawrence Tibbett's union, the American Guild of Musical Artists; the Brother Artists Association, Hebrew Actors Union, Hebrew Chorus Union, Hungarian Actors and Artists Association, and the Italian Actors Union.

CIO: The Congress for Industrial Organization, avoiding dual unionism, has played no part in the scramble.

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Hitler Crosses the Alps

With Nazi troops mobilized in the Tyrol and the Brenner Pass fortified with German guns, Hitler greases the hub of the axis for war.

Paris.

THE mild, pleasant little Tyrolean waiter who appears briefly in Robert Sherwood's play *Idiot's Delight* sums up the plight of the people who live in the shadow of the Brenner Pass. Playgoers will remember his dilemma when he was transformed suddenly from a meek servant into a ferocious *bersaglieri* through a sudden mobilization. But even a fascist uniform could not dim that waiter's smile, the dining room shuffle of the little servant to the rich.

Today the people of the Tyrol are playing the pawn again as the handle of the axis extends from Berlin toward Rome. The Brenner Pass, like its brother Khyber, is a dangerous neighborhood in which to live. When burglars are about it is always the Tyroleans' doors which are broken to reach the rich lands north or south of the pass.

To start with the last phases of the centuries-old problem of Tyrol and the Brenner Pass, read how the Italian government cynically referred to them at the beginning of the Peace Conference after the last World War:

> Compared to the supreme necessity and practical advantages of such a frontier, the fact that it includes about 200,000 inhabitants of German nationality becomes a matter of no significance.

In 1919, when Tyrol was annexed by Italy and the people were being wooed away from their infatuation for the Weimar Republic's democracy even Mussolini wrote in the *Popolo d'Italia:*

> Italy must pursue an open and democratic part in the territories of the Upper Adige. . . . Italy has no designs of violence and denationalization . . . she will respect their language and customs and accord them the necessary autonomy.

Two years later, in April 1921, the now blackshirted Mussolini saw the demagogic uses of the Tyrolese and their Brenner Pass to strike at the German democrats across the Alps:

> If the Germans on both sides of the Brenner do not submit, the fascists will bring them to obedience. South Tyrol is Italian . . . no German must imagine that Italy could be driven back to Saturn and from there to the Lake of Garda. . . . In Italy there are several thousand fascists who are ready to destroy and ravage South Tyrol rather than let in the tricolor which waves on the Vetta d'Italia. If the Germans must be beaten and stamped on in order to learn reason, very well, we are ready. Many Italians are trained for this business.

And so fascism "Italianized" the Tyrolese by simply calling them an "ethnical remnant" and blessing them with the fascist ax.

In the Tyroleans' fight against Mussolini's brutality, Hitler saw a snag that might wreck his plans to pat Mussolini on the back before giving him the knife. In *Mein Kampf,* 1927 edition, he wrote:

> The question of South Tyrol has been abused in the past by Marxist and Jewish propagandists anxious to embroil Germany with Italy and so prevent that natural alliance by which Germany alone can become strong. It would be a crime to jeopardize this aim for the sake of these 200,000 Germans. . . .

Nevertheless the Tyrolese heiled him, against Mussolini's orders, when Der Fuhrer came to Rome last year. On May Day in Rome, Hitler said:

> It is my irrevocable will and my bequest to the German people that the frontier of the Alps, which nature has erected between us, shall be regarded forever as unchangeable.

Upon his return through the Brenner Pass, the shutters on Hitler's train were closed as it passed through South Tyrol.

From that time until July this year, the Nazis completed the goldbrick sales talk in preparations for coordinating Italy into their coming war plans. Earlier—in the spring—staff conversations between the axis army chiefs took place, preparatory to the conclusion of the military alliance. During these conversations every aspect of the military and stra-

McGill

THE TYROL AND THE BRENNER PASS. *While the world watched Danzig, and the threat to Poland in the North, the axis cleaned house in the South. Austrian Germans, in their traditional Tyrol, long a thorn to Mussolini, were betrayed by Hitler in a barter deal that fits in with his war plans. By uprooting a whole people, Hitler has assured himself the all-important Brenner Pass for action in two directions below the Alps: A, into southern France, across the north Italian plain, and B, into Yugoslavia and Hungary from the south, via Trieste. The Rome-Berlin railway passes through Brenner, which, in fact, embraces the shaft of the Rome-Berlin axis.*

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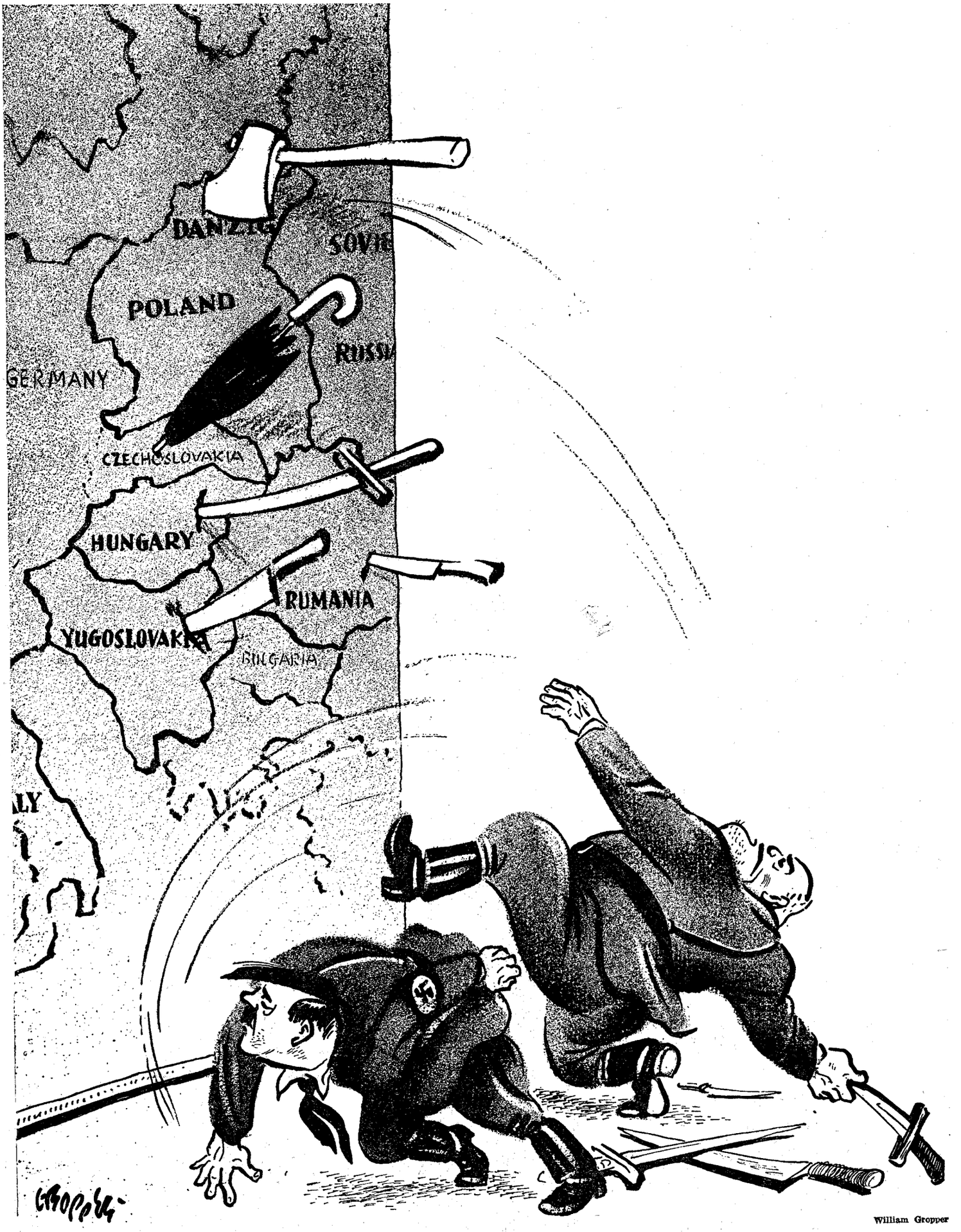

William Gropper

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tegic position of the axis was discussed and rediscussed. In the examination certain very definite weaknesses came to light. The Germans, who now virtually control the Italian Army, insisted that these should be remedied without delay. Insofar as the Tyrol was concerned, the Germans pointed out that while geographically South Tyrol is the "hub" of the axis, it is not so in fact because:

1. The presence of the Tyrolese—now hostile alike to both Mussolini and the Third Reich—constituted a "strategic danger" at the foot of the Brenner, essential artery for communication and the transfer of troops in any axis war against the democracies.
2. Piedmont, where many of Mussolini's main war factories are concentrated, is in danger not only of being bombed, and very successfully bombed, by French airplanes but also of being invaded by French motorized units and infantry based on Lyons.
3. Germany needs a guaranteed base for possible joint action with her axis partner in the Adriatic and Mediterranean.

The "solution" proposed, adopted last month, was as follows:

1. The hostile Tyrolese should be removed from the foot of the Brenner. They could either go to the Third Reich—if they wished—where they would help in some small way towards remedying the labor shortage there; or they could move to southern Italy to be dispersed in exile there.
2. As a kind of "compensation" for this sellout their "blood brothers," the Nazis, are to have free access to Trieste, which now becomes a "free axis-port," so to speak.
3. Having "cleaned up" the Brenner approaches, Mussolini will transfer his main war industries from Piedmont to South Tyrol where they will be relatively safe from air attack and, of course, very much more easily accessible to the Germans.
4. This thoroughly "loyalized" Tyrol will then also be used as a base for German troops scheduled for "colonial active service," i.e., in North Africa, and as a base for the future right wing of a German pincers attack on Croatia (the right wing will move on Lyublyana in an eastern direction south of the Karawanken range).

That is the real meaning of the Tyrol sellout, a meaning that can be summarized in the one word *war*. And that is why Mussolini, determined like Hitler to "draw the blinds" on the horrors of this mass eviction of a people from their native land, has ordered all foreigners to quit South Tyrol without delay.

RICHARD GOODMAN.

No Gas for the Autos

NAZI mobilization and army maneuvers have cut down the supply of gasoline so far that filling stations are only selling two and one-half gallons at a time. Otto Tolischus, New York *Times* correspondent in Berlin, reports on August 7 that long lines of autos stalled on the main highways of Germany are common sights these days. The Nazi practice is to assist each stalled car with one gallon of gas. This gets them off the road, but doesn't allow for very much mileage.

Add Guild Convention

The American Newspaper Guild convenes, moves for labor unity, the New Deal, and Third Term.

THE American Newspaper Guild Convention in San Francisco week before last showed that the men and women who get out the papers are overwhelmingly for labor unity, perpetuation of the New Deal, and a third term for Roosevelt.

The guild has grown in six years from three hundred members to appproximately twenty thousand.

Host San Francisco local met the delegates with a huge banner reading, "San Francisco Greets the ANG National Convention with a Citywide Guild Shop." The guild shop clause was the feature of a contract signed a week earlier, the first covering every paper in one city. Significantly, both the Hearst and Scripps-Howard chains, through their San Francisco publishers, were among the signers of the agreement.

The strong Roosevelt-for-1940 amendment to the New Deal resolution, introduced by the Seattle delegation, after considerable discussion on the floor was changed to a separate resolution, and passed by a roll call vote of 108 to eight, with eight abstaining. Third term sentiment in the guild seemed not to be limited to particular sections of the country; the convention included delegates from seventeen states, the District of Columbia, Hawaii, and Toronto, Canada.

NEW DEAL RESOLUTION

The New Deal resolution covered eight cardinal points: support of the National Labor Relations Act; Fair Labor Standards Act; housing and health legislation; WPA; the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee; a progressive policy in dealing with South and Central America; "the enlightened stand of the New Deal for racial protection"; and the "positive peace policy of President Roosevelt" in his approach to the aggression of the fascist powers.

The whole tenor of the convention expressed the advance of the guild from the rather apologetic association of editorial workers formed in 1933 to the strong industrial union that it is today. Delegates spoke, debated, and voted as working men and women, not as ivory-tower commentators on the changing world.

In its day-to-day, unfailingly friendly cooperation with the AFL Printing Trades the ANG has long since achieved a high level of practical labor unity—unity between AFL and CIO, between what in days that now seem very remote were called "workers by hand and by brain." Heywood Broun spoke in typical Brounesque vein about the disappearance of the old dividing categories:

I have never liked that phrase ["white collar workers"] very much. Indeed, at times I have been moved to say, "When you call me that, smile." And sometimes, when I look at my own shirt, I often burst out laughing. I feel that all workers have the same problems, and there is and should be no linen shower between them.

Your president was at one time a member of the Socialist Party. I learned Karl Marx in one afternoon, and I was told to go out and address audiences by saying, "Workers of hand and brain." I was supposed to be, as a newspaper man, a worker of brain addressing workers of hand. It so happens that I do not write with a pencil, but on the typewriter, and I write some columns occasionally when I think both the brain and the hand are functioning, but I have written a good many columns when I knew nothing was functioning but the hands on the keys of the typewriter. . . .

AFL and CIO guest speakers all stressed the labor unity theme. At the opening sessions speakers came from the AFL, CIO, and railroad brotherhoods. They ncluded Harry Bridges, West Coast CIO director, whom the guild greeted with a rising ovation, later pledging their fullest support in the fight to halt the Red-baiting, open shop drive to deport him; George Kidwell, AFL leader recently appointed by Governor Olson of California as state director of industrial relations; George F. Irvine, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen; and H. I. Christie, secretary of the AFL Allied Printing Trades Council.

Kidwell, recently tried and acquitted by the San Francisco Central Labor Council for his courageous testimony in Washington on behalf of the National Labor Relations Act, blasted venal AFL leaders and said it was fitting that he address the convention together with Harry Bridges. Of the progressive unionists of the guild type he said: "We know no sects or factions in the labor movement. We are looking forward to a unified labor movement in America. . . ." Describing the guild advances, Kidwell admitted that formerly he had referred to newspapermen as "pencil-pushing coolies."

Organized labor considers the guild completely a part of itself, and a first rate militant trade-union setup. Harry Bridges said, "There was a time when I had no use for newspapermen. The only way I could judge them was by the newspapers. But today I know better and so does organized labor."

LABOR PEACE

Broun, as convention chairman, summed up the guild position on the question of labor peace:

We must have labor peace. When people as me when peace will come, I frequently tell the: it's here already. We have both AFL and CI officials here at this table. There is already peac between the members of the CIO and AFL, an this peace must go on for the sake of labor's effec

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tiveness, not only on the economic field but also on the political field, which is becoming more and more important to labor.

Governor Olson sent a message to the convention, eloquently praising the guild's achievements both as a labor organization and as a practical force to build real freedom of the press.

Tom Mooney, lying seriously ill in a hospital, sent congratulations.

The pride of Chicago delegates in the staunch and effective conduct of their strike was shared by the whole convention. Chicago delegates said that the AFL rank and file in Chicago is completely out of sympathy with the strikebreaking, behind-the-picketline organization of AFL company unions; that the Chicago local of the International Typographical Union (AFL) rejected the demand made by John Fitzpatrick of the Chicago Federation that all AFL affiliates disregard the guild strike; and that AFL unions from coast to coast have contributed to the strike fund. It was indicated that a settlement might not be far off.

A vigorous resolution condemned Charles E. Coughlin, branding him as "an enemy of progressive unionism and a harbinger of fascism and a would-be strikebreaker." The resolution was introduced by one of the Chicago strikers, himself a longtime member of the Catholic Church. The convention also approved a resolution to put the guild on record against anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism.

AGAINST WOODRUM

The Guild Committee on Unemployment and WPA went on record, in a detailed report, against the Woodrum bill. The committee specifically approved the action of the San Francisco Guild in successfully working for a guild-sponsored WPA newspaper project for unemployed newspapermen (on the history of San Francisco journalism) and the efforts of the San Antonio, Tex., Guild to obtain a similar project for its unemployed members.

At the suggestion of Heywood Broun, a picketline protesting Sears, Roebuck's continued advertising in struck papers was formed by delegates during the convention recess.

Broun was reelected president for the fifth time. Victor Pasche, secretary-treasurer, was also reelected. Milton Kaufman, who has acted as executive secretary of the New York Guild for the past five years, defeated Jonathan Eddy in the balloting for executive vice-president.

Despite a rush of work, delegates found time to enjoy the typical San Francisco welcome accorded them. On the last evening the State of California entertained delegates on Treasure Island, with cocktails and a buffet ıpper and all the shows. Also included was ı international broadcast from Treasure land to Australia, Hawaii, Alaska, and Canda, with guild officials and delegates sending reetings to brother organizations in these ountries.

DAN REILLY.

The "Christian Front"

How the organized anti-Semites under fascist leadership use religious slogans as a cloak for terrorism.

THE Christian Front is moving rapidly into high gear. Under various names it is organizing its cohorts and supporters in New York City and other urban centers throughout the country. The extent of its strength in New York City, as elsewhere, is a matter of guesswork; and it is doubtful if even the leaders of the Front more than estimate the number of its followers. The dues-paying membership in the Front, which is limited to men only, is a closely guarded secret.

This much can be said, nevertheless: About forty street meetings a week are conducted in New York City either by the Christian Front itself, or by its close allies, one of the most active of which is the Flying Squads for Americanism. The average attendance at these meetings runs to three hundred persons, mostly people from the neighborhoods where the meetings are held. A few floaters make the rounds, apparently on assignment, to lead the claque and "preserve order." Indications are that their number will increase with the growth of the Christian Mobilizers, a select group of the Christian Front, who, according to a recent issue of *Social Justice,* are to receive training in sports and athletics. Some audiences are more enthusiastic than others, but most observers agree that, as yet, many people simply stop and listen for a while and then pass on. However, the Front holds more meetings now than it did a year ago, or even two months ago. It is reaching out into new territories, invading communities where street meetings have been a rarity even during election campaigns. Its drive for five million adherents by the summer and fall of 1940 is getting under way with full force.

SELF-MARTYRIZATION

The pattern of the Christian Front's propaganda has a significant uniformity, which varies little from meeting to meeting. Many of its technical devices—card stacking, glittering generalities, and the like—have already been exposed in publications of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, but it is relentless uniformity which makes apparent the organized character of the Front, indicates the propaganda genius behind it, and helps to explain its growth.

One of the chief aims of the street meeting speakers is self-martyrization, and the creation thereby of a martyr psychosis for the whole movement. Many of the speakers in the New York area are young boys, ranging from eighteen to twenty-three years of age. These rosy-cheeked youths wear the blush of innocence; they speak with a fervor almost seminarian in its ardor; their gestures are studied, and their enunciation lapses only occasionally into native Brooklynese. Referring to themselves as "young men who are fighting for a Christian America," they tell their audiences in excited tones of the obstacles they meet in the course of their "work." Alleged police brutality plays a big part. Several of the youths claim to have been severely beaten up; others relate the hazards of selling *Social Justice* amidst "the hail of Marxist insults"; and still others tell harrowing tales of threats to their lives by anonymous foes.

Speaking in Queens on July 21, one seventeen-year-old orator declared:

> Only last night at a meeting in the Bronx, I was brutally struck on the back with a policeman's club. This may seem unbelievable to you good people of Sunnyside, but there are some policemen, too many policemen, who are being stirred up by that little red stinkweed in City Hall to attack the rights of us young men who are out here trying to wake you up to your Christian duty. Of course, out here you have George U. Harvey [applause], a good Christian American who takes no nonsense from the anti-Christ, and so your police are fine, upstanding men.

Another speaker at the same meeting related a series of incidents which he claimed resulted in some denial of free speech for the Front. He wound up by saying:

> And whose fault is this? You permit Communists to speak unmolested and preach treason from the street corners. Your money pays the cops to protect them. And here we are, fighting day and night for Christian principles, giving our time and our energy to save your country and your city from atheistic Jewish Communism. It is your fault that we do not get better support! We are fighting your battles, and it is up to you to assert yourselves and help us.

Such talk as this, uttered in all apparent sincerity, has a strong effect on the crowd, for it is interlarded in a seemingly haphazard way with impassioned but vague exhortations about religious faith, religious Jews, pure morals, and God. The issue is posed between those who believe in Christian principles and those who don't. Emotionally, the appeal is directed to the lower middle class elements and to the lumpen proletariat; frequently cries go up from the audience—"What we need is a Hitler," "Heil Hitler," "A Hitler would fix that louse!"

Right now, though, Front leaders try to softpedal talk of Hitler by catching up the cries with, "No, we don't need Hitler, but we could do with a few more men like George U. Harvey and Mayor Hague." Occasionally the name of John Nance Garner is mentioned to the accompaniment of cheers and applause.

Inevitably, of course, there is some allusion to Father Coughlin, "the greatest Christian

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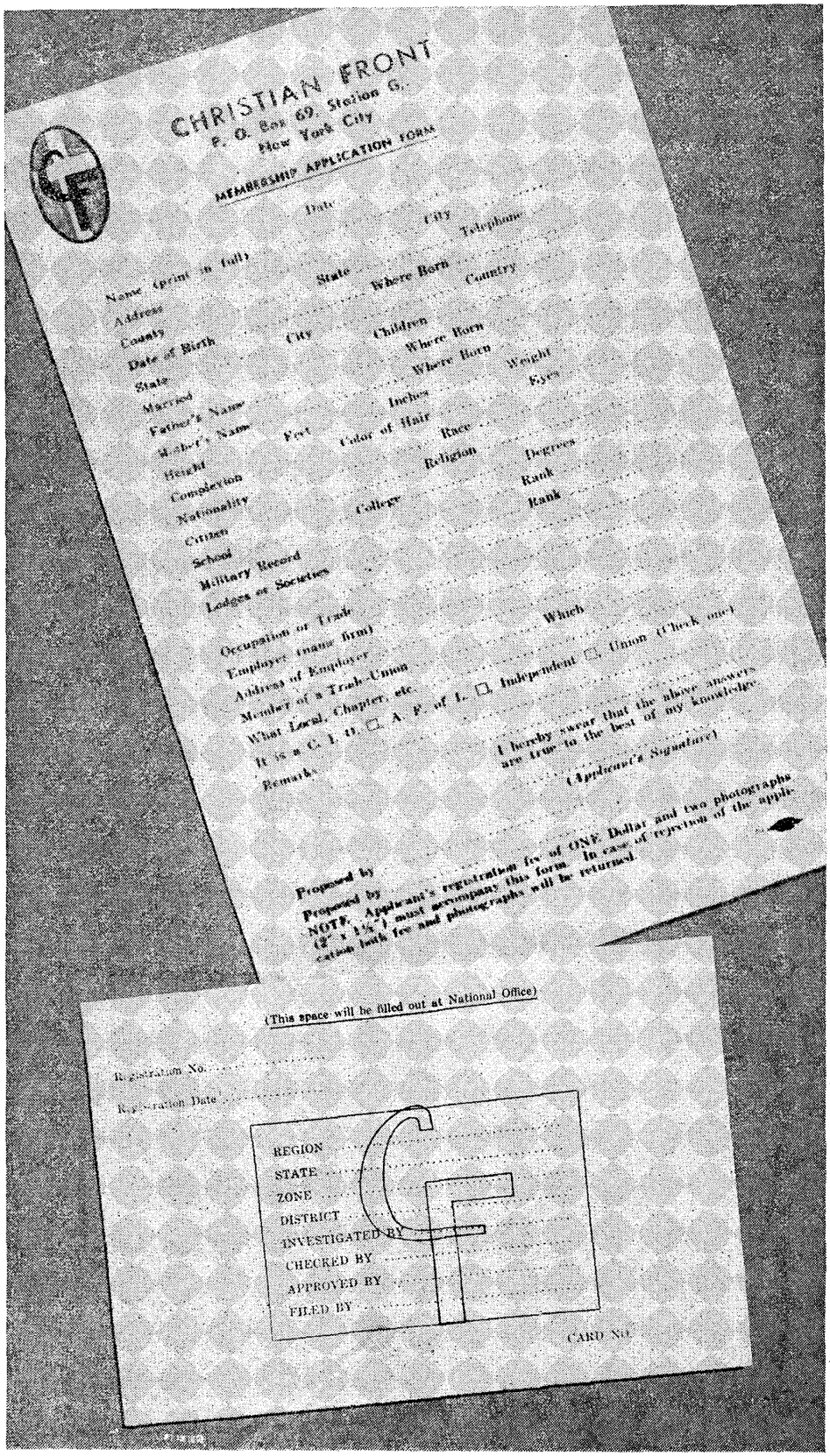

CHRISTIAN FRONT
P. O. Box 69, Station G,
New York City

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

Date ..... City ..... Telephone .....
Name (print in full) ..... State ..... Where Born ..... Country .....
Address .....
County ..... City ..... Children .....
Date of Birth ..... Where Born .....
State ..... Where Born .....
Married ..... Weight .....
Father's Name ..... Inches ..... Eyes .....
Mother's Name ..... Feet ..... Color of Hair .....
Height ..... Race .....
Complexion ..... Religion ..... Degrees .....
Nationality ..... Rank .....
Crimes ..... College ..... Rank .....
School .....
Military Record .....
Lodges or Societies .....

Occupation or Trade ..... Which .....
Employer (name firm) .....
Address of Employer .....
Member of a Trade Union .....
What Local, Chapter, etc. .....
It is a C. I. O. ☐ A. F. of L. ☐ Independent ☐ Union (Check one)
Remarks .....

I hereby swear that the above answers are true to the best of my knowledge.

(Applicant's Signature) .....

Proposed by .....
Proposed by .....

NOTE. Applicant's registration fee of ONE Dollar and two photographs (2" x 1½") must accompany this form. In case of rejection of the application both fee and photographs will be returned.

(This space will be filled out at National Office)

Registration No. .....
Registration Date .....

REGION .....
STATE .....
ZONE .....
DISTRICT .....
INVESTIGATED BY .....
CHECKED BY .....
APPROVED BY .....
FILED BY .....

CARD No. .....

HOW TO JOIN THE CHRISTIAN FRONT. *Detailed information about the applicant must be submitted along with his photographs. The item "military record" and "rank" is not merely incidental. Seeking to create a world of illusion in the minds of its adherents, the Front's propaganda contains the constant assertion of ultimate victory "legally if possible, but by insurrection—the Franco way—if there is no other way to restore America to the hands of Christians." The we-are-going-to-win appeal gains immeasurably as the Front lumps its enemies as Communist, Jewish, or both, and proceeds to demolish the straw men. The union label on the application form is phony.*

American of them all," "a real martyr in the service of true Americanism." Orators never tire of drawing none too subtle comparisons between the priest and "another who was pilloried for daring to tell the truth"; they retell how Coughlin is barred from the major radio networks "because he dares to tell the truth about certain people in America, and those people of a certain racial strain own and control the press and the radio." Coughlin, it is to be noted, says that the Christian Front is not his organization, but in a recent radio sermon he sanctified its cause as that of "true Christianity."

The Front has also produced a series of movie shorts, which are shown periodically at a Manhattan hall. These pictures, if Front speakers are to be believed, were filmed "at the risk of the cameraman's life," and show how "brave Christian American men and women picket WMCA in the face of police brutality, how vendors of *Social Justice* dare to give the people of New York the truth in the face of Communist and Jewish rioting, and how peaceable street meetings are broken up by those who want to keep the truth about Jewish-controlled America away from real people who should be stirred into action to defend their heritage."

Everywhere and on every side, the Christian Front is beset by its foes. Yet its young stalwarts are undaunted; at every encounter with hostility, they throw their verbal punches with more abandon. They are young martyrs.

> We of the Christian Front are proud of the fact that the tools of the anti-Christ are arrayed against us, such as that little fat guinea downtown. Truly and surely, our organizations are going to elect a real Christian mayor, governors of the state, and presidents of the United States. [Prolonged applause.] We will destroy all other movements in ten minutes. I would give orders to the army to take them to town and they could. [Applause and cries of "Attaboy," "That's right."] We are going to fight for the conclusion of an absolutely all-powerful Christian America.

Sometimes the speakers call directly for a bloody riot and one speaker has been arrested for breach of the peace in this connection. In dismissing the case, City Magistrate Richard F. McKiniry said:

> Concededly, the remarks were scurrilous. The one remark here that would tend to indicate a breach of the peace was the remark with regard to a bloody riot. As to the insulting remark with respect to the Jewish people. . . . Such language defeats its own purpose, and I don't think even the Jewish people would care to see this misguided individual made a martyr. . . . He has the lowest kind of ignorant and insulting type of mind.

Such do-nothing policy, however, defeats its own purpose. [ED. NOTE: See editorial, "Defense against Violence," on page 19.]

Poverty and insecurity, the WPA layoffs, and the failures of the New Deal offer topics which Front speakers are quick to exploit in the poorer sections of the city and in Harlem, where economic grievances are particularly

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ite. Thus far, the Front relies mostly on the demagogic program of the old National Union for Social Justice with occasional embellishments. Fred McWilliams, a Texan, made a typical plea at Willis Avenue and 138th Street, the Bronx, on June 29—a plea which has been picked up and repeated at dozens of Front meetings since.

All Christians, Christian civilization can only be maintained if Christians get a fair share of the business of the city, the state, and the nation. Christian charity, Christian culture, and the church can only be supported when Christian business flourishes.

Directing his words to the unemployed and "those the New Deal forgot in its rush to help the Jews," McWilliams held out the bait. "Each Christian is going to have a job. New jobs, many of the better ones, will be open to you Christians with the increase of prosperity of the Christian business community."

"That means," elaborated McWilliams, "if there is a Christian grocer competing with a lot of other people, if you will use your purchasing power, he will have to put on three or four more clerks to take care of them, and he will give a Christian a job."

For those who might demur, McWilliams had this to say:

Any man who opposes you, remember this: Any man who opposes you in this policy, tell that man you are defending yourselves, you are working for your own benefit; if he tries to prevent you from doing that, tell that man he is intolerant as hell, and not of the Christians. That is your answer.

The practical effects of the Front's "Buy Christian" campaign are hard to estimate. In some sections of the city "Buy Christian" stickers and pornographic Semitic caricatures are regularly pasted on the windows of Jewish-owned stores, and there are organized boycotts here and there, especially against merchants who advertise over Station WMCA. Christian Front meetings are frequently dotted with huge posters ensloganed "Buy Christian," and early this spring a "Christian Index," listing approved stores, was published. Widely circulated, it is unsigned, but declares that "Jesus Christ Himself" ordered its publication. Its union label is faked.

At the moment, the Front is contenting itself with winning small victories, forcing certain newsstands to quit selling the *Voice*, organ of the Committee of Catholics to Fight Anti-Semitism, and *Equality*. Front speakers praise such victories in the name of the "good Christian people" of such and such a community "who have taken resolute action to prevent the sale of poisonous treason on the newsstands." Undoubtedly the Front will not allow these victories to be lost, much less the experience. Bigtime economic warfare is in the offing.

Much of the strength of the Christian Front's propaganda derives from the ease with which it marks out its enemies. Mayor LaGuardia, and President Roosevelt, "the war monger," Jews, and Communists are identified in detail and with evident relish. As arch-plotters of treason against "Christian America," these people are pictured as working with fiendish might and main to accomplish their ends.

The Front's program is not announced. But its main outlines are clear as day through its propaganda. Its goal is against all progress; its tactics are Hitler's. That much is obvious. And in doing this it is creating a group of reckless hooligans who, under the cover of their own righteous convictions, feel they have a right to go down the line with everyone and everything with which they happen to disagree.

The fact that such a group exists at all is less dangerous than the fact that one is being systematically organized, augmented, and directed for purposes which make sense when viewed in the light of Hitler's rise. In this connection it is significant to note that the Christian Front plans a mass parade in Manhattan on August 19, the climax of which is to be a meeting in Union Square. Is this not reminiscent of Hitler's Storm Troop invasion of the working class sections of Berlin and Mosley's "marches" through London's East End?

The street meetings of the Christian Front in New York City may seem ludicrous; the spectacle of young men still wet behind the ears sounding off on neutrality, the foreign debt, the refugee question, and the like may seem self-defeating; the fact that more and more people listen avidly to a mixture of race hate and economic drivel may sound preposterous; the existence of a Christian Front terror may seem unreasonable; the organization of a picked group of Mobilizers for athletic training may appear fantastic. The whole Christian Front may seem like pretty silly business, best ignored or simply ridiculed. But it is just such complacency that the Front seizes upon. Their speakers continually boast that no one will dare to stop their meetings. "If anyone should dare to touch so much as a hair of one of us," a speaker shouted at a recent meeting, "blood will flow in every street of New York."

STEPHEN PEABODY.

Heil MRA!

A GROUP of newspaper guildsmen at the recent convention in San Francisco were coming out of the Fairmont Hotel when a cabload of Moral Rearmers arrived from one of the many Oxford Group meetings now being held on the Coast. "Moral Rearmament?" asked the newspaper people.

"Yes," beamed the Buchmanites.

"Heil!" said the guildsmen, behind poker faces.

Back came the uplifters in unison, "Heil!" with perfect Nazi salutes.

The same ready Hitler greeting came from several taxiloads of MRA disciples when they pulled up to the hotel.

A. Ajay

"That's just Mr. Bigby on his way home from his Moral Rearmament meeting."

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The Hitler Kid

A short story by Eugene E. Hurley, whose "Death on Doyers Street" brought comment from NM readers.

ABOUT eight every morning I used to pull the truck up to the back of the bakery and while the kids were loading it I would go inside and listen to the gang of crazy Dutchmen bakers that worked there.

By the time I came, they'd be through with their first batch and the place would smell all warm and heavy from the hot bread and usually the Dutchmen would be standing around sneaking a smoke like me and kidding one another about different things. Sometimes when I was hungry I would go over and tear a chunk off a hot loaf of bread and eat it and watch them clown around. The bread was always red-hot and I would burn my teeth on it, but it was good.

The Dutchmen were a good gang of guys but their sense of humor was about as funny as a crutch. For a while they used to tell me all the latest German jokes but they quit doing it because I could never see anything funny in them and they saw it was a waste of time telling me them. After they saw that they couldn't make me laugh, they started doing things to try to make me sore. Things like bumping into me with those heavy dusty flour bags they have and kidding me about how my father and mother weren't married. I always knew that they were just trying to get me mad so I never said anything. I'd just sit on one of the tables and eat hot bread and call them a bunch of ignorant Dutch bastards and they'd laugh and say that nobody ever heard of a smart Irishman.

But one morning when I went in, one of them—a kid by the name of Fritz—stood at attention and put up his hand and said, "Heil!"

"Cut it out, you big squarehead," I told him. "This is the United States."

They all roared. Not the kid that had saluted, though. He looked at the others sort of disgustedly and walked out onto the loading platform to have a smoke. When the others saw that the two of us were mad, but in different ways, they almost burst something laughing.

Pretty soon I started laughing, too. Hell, you couldn't be sore at those guys long. But I still hated to see a young punk that didn't even have his citizenship papers make a sap out of himself.

Afte that, every time I came in there the whole gang of them, except that one kid, would stand there stiffly and yell, "Heil!" at me. I wouldn't get sore any more, because they didn't mean it.

But the kid got the worst ribbing. He got heiled no matter what he did. If he put a loaf of bread in the oven, they'd heil him. If he took one out, they'd heil him.

"When can we expect the putsch?" they'd ask him.

He'd get all red and excited.

"Maybe the putsch would do good for some people," he'd say.

"Let that pansy bastard come over here and see what he gets," they'd yell at him.

"Der Fuhrer represents much," he'd tell them, "he represents much dot you—you numbskulls cannot know. I do not know vy I bother to talk to you."

And every time he'd walk out, red and excited and mad.

It got so it wasn't funny any longer.

One morning I went in there and found this big kid on top of a guy named Ludwig. This Ludwig was an older fellow and he'd told me one time that his brother was kicked to death by the Nazis in Germany. He was pretty bitter about it and said that he'd take no crap from the Dutchmen over here who thought Hitler was a little Jesus on wheels.

So I guess he'd said something to this kid about giving the salute seriously like that and the kid had got sore and socked him. Anyway, they were both on the floor, shouting at each other in German and hammering hell out of each other. Ludwig was older, though, and was having a pretty hard time keeping his end up. The other Dutchmen were laughing and having one hell of a good time.

"You guys got some sense of humor," I said to them. They laughed.

"In Chermany," one of them said to me, "in Chermany, you should see. It iss much better there. Ven dey use swords it iss much more exciting!"

"Maybe you could hire some field artillery from the army and go at it at ten paces," I said. They thought that was funny.

Suddenly I heard Ludwig groan. The kid had got to his feet and kicked Ludwig in the side.

"You dirty dog!" the kid was saying. "You dirty dog!"

He kicked him once more before anyone had a chance to interfere. Then a gang of us ran over and grabbed him and pulled him away. I gave him a couple of cuffs across the face to bring him to his senses. God knows if he had any.

For a minute it looked as if he was going to go completely nuts. He kept screaming at Ludwig, who was moaning softly on the floor and holding his side where he'd been kicked. It took five of us to hold that kid. He was acting like some wild animal that had been tormented.

"Listen," I yelled at him. "If the super ever walks in here and sees this mess the whole gang of us are going t'be out on our asses!"

I guess he heard me, all right. He suddenly went limp in our arms and put his head in his big hands and started to cry. I don't know. Squareheads must all be nuts. Here this guy kicks hell out of the other one and then starts to cry. All the others immediately got sympathetic and started patting him on the shoulder and telling him that everything was all right.

I went over to Ludwig and helped him to his feet. The others were too busy telling that big gorilla how sorry they were for him to do anything about Ludwig.

"I'm all right now, I think," he said. He stood up, swaying and rubbing his side.

"Sure you're all right?" I said.

"Yah. It vas nothing."

"What'd he kick you for?"

"It vas something I said about Hitler."

"He Hitler's brother?"

"No. It iss much more than dot. If he vas his brother, he could hate him. Like I do. I hate him. But he iss his follower. His disciple. It iss dot vay, you see. He cannot disagree. He cannot question. He follows. It iss as if he vas blind and vas being led. Ach! He iss a stupid boy!"

"Yeah. But strong."

"It iss not him I am angry at."

"You gave a pretty good imitation of it when you were on the floor," I said.

He shrugged his shoulders and walked away. The super came in and glared at everybody so I got out quick and forgot about it.

They kept it up, though. It was a greater joke than ever. Every time I came in they all stood there—all except the kid and Ludwig—and gave the salute, standing in that crazy belly-out, chin-in, toes-apart, pansy-wave salute position. Nuts, all of them.

A couple of days later I found out that the kid was in that thing up to his ears. It was around quarter of five in the afternoon and I was pulled up to the curb outside a restaurant in the German section making my last delivery. Seeing those guys in the gray uniforms goosestepping around is nothing very unusual in that part of the city. Once in a while you have a little trouble with them because they like to walk about five abreast and take up the whole sidewalk. I guess they like to look like a solid wall, but they're not. All you have to do is swear at them and give them the elbow and they break like a pack of ducks. They're scared stiff of anybody that's half their height.

This afternoon a gang of them came down the street just as I was bringing the empty trays out of the restaurant. The kid was with them, dressed up in his pretty uniform, and walking in the middle with his eyes straight ahead and looking as serious as if old man Hitler was on his balcony giving them the once over.

"Hey, Fritz!" I yelled at him. "Atta boy, Fritz! Hip, hip!"

He looked at me and his face went red. He said something to the others and dropped out of line and came over to me. The other nuts went marching along, each taking a half-step to the side to fill up the gap the kid left.

"Hello, Chimmy," he said to me. "I'm glad to see you."

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"The hell you are," I said. "Don't give me any of that crap."

"You talk to me like a Jew. Ve are all against the same ting."

"Yeah. What?"

"If you vould only listen to me. Or maybe you vould come to one of our meetings, yah?"

"Yah nothing. You look like hell in that uniform."

"You vill not tell the others that you saw me like—like this?"

"Damn right I'll tell them. Why don't you quit this bunch of gangsters? Listen, you know what they do. You know that the same restaurants that we sell bread to have to pay out cash to you guys every month for protection. Protection, hell! Couple years ago they sent a lot of smart guys up for the same thing."

He got red and started twisting out his lower lip.

"Dot iss not true. Ve get no money from them."

"The hell you don't," I said. "Don't I listen to these guys complaining every day?"

"It iss not true. They do not haf to pay."

"I don't like to make no insinuations," I said, "but there's a guy on my route that didn't pay once. Yeah, and his kid came home one night with his skull open and he had to have five stitches taken in it because some big brave guy came running along the street and knocked him down when he was playing."

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently and took a step as if to walk away from me.

"You vill not tell them at the bakery?" he said.

I laughed and threw the tray into the back of the truck. He looked at me for a minute and then went walking down the street, sticking close to the buildings because he was walking alone and didn't have the rest of the wall with him.

I never told them at the bakery, but they found out later anyway.

One morning I went into the bakery and the whole gang was standing around the kid, waving and talking excitedly in German. When Ludwig saw me, he came over and took my arm and brought me outside to the loading platform.

"Fritz iss in trouble," he said. "Maybe you vould know what to do." He showed me a letter from the German consul. It was addressed to Fritz and said he should call at their office at his earliest convenience.

"So what?" I said.

"Vell," Ludwig told me, "Fritz went down dere and it iss about going back to Chermany."

"Didn't he leap at the chance?"

"No. Fritz don't vant to go back."

"He doesn't want to go back? Listen, I saw him once on the street——"

"I know. He iss a fool," he said. "But many of us over here are dot vay. He vas lonely. Living alone and no friends he had. He told me last night all about it."

"Well," I told him, "you're all bats s'far's I'm concerned. But what the hell's the matter? They want him to blow up the White House and scram?"

"No, no. It iss not dot. It iss simply he iss not a citizen und he has been called for army duty."

"He got his papers, ain't he? So why don't he tell 'em to run up the road?"

Ludwig grabbed my arm sort of confidentially and pulled me away from where they were loading and could hear us.

"He has his family living there," he said.

"Yeah?"

"Sometimes dey don't treat the families so good ven there iss a traitor in it."

"Well who's traiting, for God's sake?"

"Dot's what I'm telling you," he said. "Fritz iss a traitor when he don't go back."

I started telling him how this was a free country and Fritz was almost a citizen if he took out his first papers but Ludwig just shook his head.

"The man told him he vas still a German national and dot he had to serve his military duty."

"Well, listen," I said. "Be sensible. What can they do to his family if he don't go back? They won't kill 'em, will they?"

"My brother for being a Socialist vas killed. For Fritz' family dey might do many tings. Sometime dey just take away from them their property. Again dey might . . ."

He shrugged. I said it was a hell of a mess but the kid was crazy in the first place for getting mixed up in the Bund and I didn't know what the hell he could do except maybe see a lawyer.

Ludwig shook his head. "I thought maybe you might know some vay," he said.

He went back inside and stood there with the others, talking a lot, but you could tell from the looks of them that they were all sorry about it but didn't know what to do.

They rushed the kid off in a hurry because in a week he wasn't working there any more. I asked them if he'd gone back but they wouldn't say a word. But I could tell from the way they weren't fooling any more that he had.

After a while they all seemed to stop thinking about it and began to horse around again. The same old stuff: Nazi salute and then belly laughs. Every day the same things.

It must have been about a year later, I guess, when one day I went in there and saw them all standing around looking as though their old lady had croaked.

I started kidding them about how the bread had fallen and what lousy bakers they were. But they didn't even answer me. I thought what the hell and went outside to smoke.

Just as I was getting in the truck, Ludwig came out and showed me a letter. It was written in German and had a German postmark.

"Very interesting," I said. "You know I can't read that stuff."

"It iss from Fritz's papa," he said.

"Does he say anything about how Fritz likes the fatherland?"

"No. It iss not dot. He says he writes to tell us how Fritz vas killed."

"Killed?" I said. "You mean our Fritz?"

I knew who he meant all right, but somehow I couldn't get it into my head. I kept thinking that maybe it was another one of their crazy gags.

"In army maneuvers it vas, he says," Ludwig told me.

I stood there fooling with the door handle on the truck and not saying anything. I didn't know what to say. I knew that he was telling me the truth, but I kept thinking that the next minute all the bakers would come out on the platform and laugh and say what a big joke it was.

"Well, what does it mean?" I said. "What in hell does it mean?"

"It means one thing, but dey say another. It means Spain but dey say army maneuvers."

"Spain," I said. I kept repeating it in my mind. "Spain. So that's why they needed him so bad."

"Yah. You know, Chim, I vas there once. Ven I vas a sailor I vas there. It vas very beautiful und I vanted to stay there. So much I vanted to stay there, you'll never know."

"Fritz will stay there," I said.

"Yah, dot's true," he said.

"He was very big, wasn't he?" I said.

Ludwig put his arms out in front of him as if he was hugging a barrel.

"Like this he vas!" he said, demonstrating how big the kid was.

And he was. Big and strong and red and now he was dead. I just couldn't imagine what it would be like to see the blood running out of him and making him all white and waxy. It scared me.

Ludwig had put the letter back in the envelope and was slapping it against his open palm and looking into space.

"It vas very wrong," he said. "It vas for a pig dot makes speeches he died, not for his fatherland."

"I'm sorry about it, Ludwig," I said. "I'm sorry as hell."

Just then one of the kids yelled to me that the truck was loaded and I got in and drove off.

Things were never the same around the bakery after that. There was a lot of fooling around, of course, but it was different somehow.

For one thing, they never gave the Nazi salute again.

EUGENE E. HURLEY.

Jobs, Peace, and Coolth

THE winds of today are taking a middle-of-the-road position. They are moderate and southerly. The temperature is far from subversive, a good, substantial, sound-money 85 degrees at the most. But the humidity is sheer Trotskyism, insidious, crafty, boring from within and without.—*Weather report for August 9 in the Stalinist New York "World-Telegram" (first editions only).*

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Refugees in Mexico

Spain's democrats bring their culture and ideals to Mexico. Arrival of the fourth mercy ship.

On July 27 the *S. S. Mexique* chugged into Vera Cruz with a cargo of 2,400 refugees from the terror of Franco Spain and the French concentration camps. The *Mexique* was the fourth mercy ship out of France to Vera Cruz with Spanish refugees; the faces on this page are typical of those it brought.

When the refugees came in, the people of Vera Cruz paraded through the city with music and banners. The trade unions of the city shot off rockets. Cries of "Long live Mexico," "Viva Cardenas," and "Negrin was right," rang through the streets all day. Mexico, the first country to arm Spain, greeted on her own shores the people who had borne those arms against fascism.

Mexico's reactionaries and their friends in other lands may be pining to make the country below the Rio Grande another Spain, meaning armed conquest of democracy and the return of the country to big capital. But Mexico's people have a different idea. They're setting up "another Spain" in Mexico—but a pre-fascist Spain. In taking in the refugees, they hope to set up in this hemisphere a new and democratic Hispanic country. They are trying as far as possible to give the sufferers, estranged from their land and companions, the kind of life they knew and developed so richly. Mexican state governors are sending for skilled workmen and farmers who will be put to their accustomed tasks. Vines and olives will be grown in Mexico for the first time since the Spanish crown forbade the colonists to compete with the mother country. Basques will fish. Skilled ironworkers will revive a lost art. Farmers will bring Old World techniques to tropical cultivation. Intellectuals will work in a language which still preserves the vocabulary of Cervantes. Trade unions have admitted workers from similar unions in Spain, pledging support until jobs are found.

Three generations arrive in their new country.

Mexican peasant greets Spanish peasant.

Youngest passenger: Salvador Salome was born at sea.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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★

They Want That New Deal

THERE were some Garnercrats at the Young Democrats' sessions in Pittsburgh, but on the floor they kept their mouths shut. The mood, the will of the overwhelming majority of the delegates, was against them.

Like their mentor, the Garnercrats operated slyly in committees. There, frequently, the vote ran twelve to four. But on the floor the followers of the evil old man did not dare chance the thumping defeat that would be theirs if they presented their ideas.

For the mood of this convention was one of enthusiasm, of attack. President Roosevelt's sound "anti-straddlebug" letter set the tone. Claude Pepper seconded it ably. The fundamental truth of the convention can be summarized in the familiar slogan "progress versus reaction" and its concomitant these days of 1939, "democracy versus fascism."

Most notable was the total absence of the mood of despair or demoralization despite what had occurred in the closing days of Congress. The Young Democrats were imbued with confidence by the President's vigorous statement; they responded eloquently to Claude Pepper's peroration:

> The Young Democrats demand a continuation of liberal democracy, the Young Democrats demand that the dictatorship of Wall Street shall not again trample down the democracy of America. Irrespective of a third term for Roosevelt himself, the Young Democrats demand a third term for Roosevelt's ideas.

That continues to be the touchstone of today's political scene.

Tory commentators have labored to present the convention as something cut-and-dried. "It was in the bag," they said. But the delegates were not concocted and pulled out of the Presidential hat. They came from America. They represented America. And they indicated something the tories—of either party label—do not want to admit: that the majority of the people stand for Roosevelt's ideas; they want that New Deal.

The New Dealers presented the issue as party harmony, but harmony behind Roosevelt. They said that was what the majority of their party and the majority of America wanted. The Garnercrats admitted that tacitly, for they did not dare raise objections on the floor. None had the temerity to defend Garner to the assemblage.

The validity of Roosevelt's anti-straddlebug letter to the Young Democrats can be easily ascertained. One need only thumb through the political histories and study the lessons of the various campaigns. The Democratic Party, since Civil War days, has ever been a minority party (about one-third of the voting populace) until F.D.R. came along. Its performance was invariably weak when its candidate was conservative. Remember, for example, how it dropped to 35 percent of the vote in 1920 with Cox and to 29 percent in 1924 with Wall Street's Mr. Davis.

The formula for victory was based upon a coalition with that third of the voting electorate that did not belong to either the Democratic or Republican parties. That formula continues to be the key to victory for 1940.

Hence, Roosevelt was 100 percent right when he said that the Democratic Party "will not survive as an effective force in the nation if the voters have to choose between a Republican tweedledum and a Democratic tweedledummer." Study of past election polls attests to the truth he stated, that the Democratic Party "will fail if it goes conservative next year or if it is led by people who can offer naught but fine phrases."

Victory depends upon successful coalition. That depends upon the adoption of planks that are popular, democratic (sometimes called "radical"), which express the aspirations of the people. Garner will not do that. Anybody expressing tory sentiment will not do that.

Furthermore, this is not the time for straddling, nor for fine phrases. Reaction is not "appeased." President Coonley, of the National Association of Manufacturers, expressed it well enough when he indicated that the destructiveness of the tory coalition was okay but only a beginning. The moguls of capital already fill the papers with propaganda to the effect that they have not received sufficient concessions to "make for recovery." The August 11 issue of the *Wall Street Journal* put it this way:

> In any event . . . it is clearly impossible that we could have a swift and dramatic transformation in the economic scene to follow immediately upon a shift from government to private shoulders of the load of unemployment. The best that can be hoped for at first is a moderate gain, growing in dimensions as time passes.

They are preparing an alibi when the jobless queues begin to form in alarming proportions as a result of the sabotage of Roosevelt's program. Bernard Kilgore, staff correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal,* declared that the characteristic of the major legislative efforts of the recent Congressional session is "incompleteness." In other words, appeasement did not work. Straddlebugs please take note.

The people may expect the tory drive to continue, growing as time goes on. It can be met only by a coalition of all the popular forces. Roosevelt seemed to have realized that in his words to the Young Democrats. It was the tone of the convention. There was no Red-baiting. The desire for an extension of unity to embrace the widest segments of the populace was indicated. There can, it was indicated, be a democratic front against reaction that would take in all sections of the working class and the middle class—but excluding the reactionaries, the straddlebugs, the tweedledummers. That way lies victory in 1940.

Appeasers and Plotters

THERE are no A-B-C answers to the question: what is going on in Europe? The instinctive reply is perhaps the most accurate: dirty work is afoot. Danzig is only one of the focal points at which the axis powers are menacing the security of small nations as well as the peace of all Europe. The Nazis are systematically militarizing the city. Another fifteen hundred stormtroopers arrived over the weekend, reenforcing the fifteen thousand already there. A strategic bridge is being built across the Vistula River, making access to and from East Prussia all the more simple. Undoubtedly the main problem of the appeasement bloc is how to hand the Free City over to Hitler without making it mandatory upon Poland to resist, and without, therefore, bringing into play the British pledge of support to the Poles. Negotiations between Berlin and Warsaw probably continue; it should always be remembered that Beck, the Polish foreign minister, favors a deal with the Nazis. So does his minister of interior. Only the firm stand of the Polish people, expressed in the will of the army and its Marshal Smigly-Rydz, blocks the way.

But the Ciano-Hitler-Ribbentrop conversations at Salzburg and Berchtesgaden admittedly covered more ground than Danzig. Ciano came with a plan for the next steps by the axis; he returned with a plan for Mussolini's approval. Reports in the press of vital differences between the axis partners are misleading, perhaps deliberately inspired. Whatever differences exist between Hitler and Mussolini are problems of immediate strategy, a tactically different calculation of the spades and hearts. The essential thing is that these discussions come after a period in which Ciano visited Spain and Yugoslavia. Hitler, meanwhile, had been receiving not only all of his European ambassadors but also Kosseivanov, the Bulgarian prime minister, and Werth, commander-in-chief of the Hungarian Army. There are rumors of a four- or five-power conference, excluding the Soviet Union, presumably suggested by Il Duce and underwritten by the Pope. Nobody at this date needs to be told how fatal for Poland, Danzig, and all peoples of Europe such a confab would be.

An equally dangerous possibility is Nazi aggression upon Hungary, in return, per-

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haps, for Italian hegemony over Yugoslavia. Hungary is not committed by any pacts with Russia, France, or England. She is part of a minor triangle—with Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. In fact, Hungary is a signatory of the Anti-Comintern Agreement but that in itself accommodates rather than hampers Hitler. If the Nazis moved their armies through Hungary, a common boundary with Rumania would be established. In effect, the fascists would completely control the Danube basin, with its rich oil, wheat, timber, and cattle resources. There is, of course, a rising anti-Nazi movement in Hungary, but as elsewhere the pro-fascists in high places dominate Hungarian politics.

A very alarming corollary of the fragile situation in Europe is the new proposals for "settling things" that come from Liberal and Labor circles in England, notably Sir Arthur Salter and Sir Ernest Bevin. The idea is to call an international conference for economic assistance to Germany in return for a "final" pledge from Hitler not to use force any more. Mr. Bruce Bliven, in the *New Republic* for July 19, made similar proposals and even suggested that President Roosevelt might take the initiative. The British liberal weekly *New Statesman and Nation* quite bluntly declared, July 29: "Provided there is a Russian pact, proposals that now smell of appeasement in the most dangerous sense at once become proper and, indeed, the only possible policy."

Such developments are dangerous in the extreme. Just how they distinguish themselves from Munich is absolutely unclear; but how neatly they help Chamberlain in a new Hudson-Wohlthat scheme is perfectly plain. Coming from liberals and even progressives, proposals of this kind show the effects of Hitler's war of nerves. They only befuddle the problem and invite disaster.

Defense Against Violence

EACH day's news brings fresh evidence of the brand of terrorism being practiced by the followers of Charles E. Coughlin and Adolf Hitler and their strangely named Christian Front. With New York City as their center and every community in the country as their intended goal, their strategy has been to mask violence in the cloak of self-defense. The speeches that precede the fighting (see "The Christian Front," page 12 of this issue) are made with nothing but the ends of subsequent violence in mind. The most recent example of Christian Front terror came Sunday last when a mob beat two policemen, a captain and a sergeant, who had put down a free-for-all at a street corner meeting of the Christian Mobilizers in the Bronx.

The various fascist groups led by Coughlin have applied for permission to hold a parade in New York City on Saturday, August 19. The paraders, it has been announced, plan their boldest step to date. They will invade, at the end of the march, New York's working class center, Union Square, where their speakers will hold forth from the park's rostrums. The meeting is being publicized throughout the city, and the German-American Bund has bestowed its blessing. To anyone who knows the way the Nazi groups function, the intent of the Saturday meeting is clear. If it goes off as scheduled, there will be bloodshed on a larger scale than New York City has yet seen. The Coughlinites intend it, and will be satisfied with nothing less.

The problem of defending the people of the city against this has been posed several times by progressive groups and journals, but as the most serious manifestation approaches, no action has been taken. The City Council has done nothing, nor has the mayor. The police continue in many places to show their partisanship for the Nazi hooligans. Liberal judges and people high in the city administration continue to feel that, given enough rope, the Coughlinites will hang themselves, a pathetically and demonstrably false theory which has proved the undoing of most of the European democracies.

In the face of official apathy, New Yorkers must press more and more for action against the Coughlinite riots. The City Council, the mayor, and the police have it in their power to put a quick end to the provocations.

Four Hundred Democrats

FOUR HUNDRED leading American men and women in the fields of the arts, sciences, and education issued an open letter last Monday to all active supporters of democracy and peace, pointing out the necessity for cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union to preserve world security and freedom.

In a ten-point outline, these signers of the

Mischa Richter

"Congratulations, kid, you won the newspaper decision."

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open letter showed definitely why and how the Soviet Union has become the leading force for international accord. In doing this, and by contrasting with such achievements the era of brutality, ignorance, and warmaking instituted by the fascist countries, the signers have accomplished a worthy service. For there has been a definitely fostered campaign operating in the United States by which the friends of fascism have capitalized on the hate of all democratic citizens for their degenerate regimes. This trick is the simple sophistry of lumping the USSR in with the fascist countries as "totalitarian" states, devoid of all democracy and to be equally abhorred by all Americans. This offers a specious patriotic cover under which the whole fascist attack on the Soviets can be carried out.

Some uninformed persons have been taken in by such fifth-column ideology, but no American can long be talked out of the realities of the Soviet Union's internal and foreign policy. You cannot talk away the USSR's adherence to the Kellogg pact, the League of Nations, and its steadfast upholding of every one of its treaties and commitments under international law. No fascist country can point to such deeds of order and peace. No fascist country can show such improvement in the culture and well-being of its people as the Soviet Union does.

No one but an enemy of democracy would prevent the coming together of all men of good will in an effort to maintain world peace. That subtle agents of the totalitarian powers do try such splitting tactics, we are well aware. This open letter of four hundred distinguished Americans properly identifies them and exposes their designs on the safety of the United States. Our great sister republican federation has the same ideals, the same necessities as our own. Fools, or knaves, cannot talk us out of friendship.

Chiang Kai-shek's Message

HAVING failed dismally in their "short war, quick victory" policy, the Japanese militarists have adopted a "neither war nor peace" tactic. They are chiefly engaged in "mopping up" campaigns and economic exploitation of their occupied territories, waiting for more favorable opportunities to engage in positional warfare and offensives. In the meantime, as Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek pointed out last week, the Japanese invaders are supporting defeatists who urge that China agree to a disastrous "peace." Chiang's statement was addressed to Chinese intellectuals. It urged them to strengthen the government by educating the masses in the struggle for national independence. Japanese propaganda has attempted to spread the bright idea that war would be unnecessary if the Chinese would throw up their arms. The main job of Chinese educators and writers is to counteract the fifth-column slogans of midway capitulation. The intellectuals can play a decisive part in consolidating the morale of the non-combatant population, a crucial factor in modern warfare.

Note from Madrid

THE fascists are excellent students of mass hypnotism. Ignazio Silone, in a memorable passage from *Bread and Wine,* described how the fascist cry of Duce Duce Duce goes on with never wearying unison until it becomes Che-du Che-du Che-du over and over again. Likewise, the Nazis have perfected the cheerleader's principle with the terrifying Sieg Heil Sieg Heil Sieg Heil. More recently, General Franco instituted a cheer of his own, which goes like this: Franco Franco Franco. In the Madrid cafes these days, Spaniards sit down at the table and shout: Waiter Waiter Waiter . . . Coffee Coffee Coffee—thus, in their unique Madrileno style, mocking both the fascist regime and the shortage of essential foodstuffs.

Gland Trouble

VICTOR MCLAGLEN, the hulking movie star, is the proprietor of the Hollywood Light Horse, a group of amateur hussars who once offered to break the monotony of the drill field with a little excursion into strikebreaking. He later disclaimed anything but innocent calisthenics for his mounted Roxy doormen and the organization is boggling down in the air of democratic California. Now the source of the virility of the Light Horse has been revealed in the suit of a California physician who wants Victor to pay him for a series of monkey gland injections tendered over a period of two years. The lovable bad man said he just had the injections because he felt sorry for the doctor and because he understood they might improve the McLaglen complexion.

There has been nothing so disillusioning since the Black Sox scandal of 1919, when a whole generation of ragged newsboys accosted Shoeless Joe Jackson on the street and begged him to say it wasn't so. Victor McLaglen worrying about his complexion! Why, it's almost as bad as the story that Shirley Temple is forty years old and the mother of Don Ameche. It is a fiendish invention of some malcontent, probably Harry Bridges, designed to break the faith of the younger generation. They can't do this to us, movie fans! Gather up your Orphan Annie mugs, and your Popeye spinach, and hurl this lie into their teeth, men. Say it ain't so, Victor.

Empire State AFL

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND AFL men marched through New York from mid-morning to well after sundown, and the city's Saturday crowds lined the streets, watching and cheering. The paraders carried their union standards, sang union songs and whatever else pleased them, competed for a dozen awards for bands, floats, exhibits. Mayor LaGuardia—a member of Jimmy Collins' union, the Air Line Pilots Association —led the parade, along with national and state AFL leaders. It was AFL day at the World's Fair.

The following day the eight hundred delegates got to work. George Meany, president of the New York Federation, tried to give some picture of how labor had fared during the past year. He noted the growth of reaction in Congress and in almost every state legislature. While New York, largely because of executive veto, suffered little anti-labor legislation, other states did. Injunction laws, anti-alien laws, and the cutting of government work relief made it a trying year for labor. Among skilled workers, the crush of the destruction of the WPA prevailing wage is already being felt. Meany drew particular attention to the Bewley bill, which would have made "interference" with the movement of goods in trucks a misdemeanor. The legislators were not thinking of hijackers when they drew up the bill, but they were trying to take from the teamsters the right to strike. Gov. Lehman vetoed the bill, after an effective campaign by New York's organized labor. Labor is publicizing the names of the tories who supported the bill.

If the New York AFL can contribute to the whole labor movement what the American Newspaper Guild contributed at its San Francisco meeting, the idea of labor unity will be nearer the fact. Support of the New Deal and all its legislation for labor and the whole people and an end to the split with the CIO were the desires of those who marched in the Saturday demonstration, and of the unorganized thousands who watched.

Italy Burns the Books

ALL textbooks written entirely or in part by Jews must be immediately withdrawn from circulation in Italy. This edict is the result of a study made by a committee set up late in 1938 to examine all post-war publications in order to eliminate any elements politically hostile to the principles of the Italian regime or anti-Italian, anti-racial, immoral, or decadent. Other regulations made by the committee, in collaboration with the Fascist Party, the minister of education, the Royal Academy of Italy, and the Confederation of Professional and Artistic Men, are reported in *Publishers Weekly* of August 5:

> In the future, according to the London *Publishers Circular* correspondent, the publications will be censored before they are issued. A new decree orders all printers to deliver eight copies of every book or pamphlet that they print—one to the minister of education, three to Police Headquarters, one to the office of the public prosecutor, and three to the office of the superintendent of education. The decree is applicable not only to new publications but also to reprints and new editions. These eight copies must be sent before the book is even offered for sale. Every book must bear the name of the printer on the title page as well as the name of the publisher and the date of the fascist era together with the date of publication.
>
> As a result of the National Congress of Juvenile Literature held at Bologna last November to discuss children's books, there will be a complete exclusion of all importation of children's books. One speaker declared, "It is essential to bring books for children into harmony with the moral and artistic concepts of our time."

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Readers' Forum

Nazi Disciple

To New Masses: The "Conquest by Immigration" report prepared for the New York State Chamber of Commerce by Harry B. Laughlin does not represent the first time that Mr. Laughlin has published his utterly unscientific racial views. He does so periodically and always under the imprint of some organization composed of pillars of society who regard themselves as the elite for no other ostensible reason than that they are men of wealth. But these views today cannot be dismissed by merely indicating that they are built upon preposterous bias and laden with concealed contempt for all foreign born and Negro residents of this country.

The controversy is beyond the field of science in the arena of politics. For it was the Laughlins who were responsible for our present restrictive immigration laws and unless they are watched, they will pass the many anti-foreign-born laws that are now before the Legislature. We must channelize our efforts to combat their pernicious work through support of such organizations as the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born and the National Committee for the Defense of People's Rights. Both of these organizations are doing excellent work in protecting the minorities in the United States from those whose model is Nazi Germany. If *Equality*, the new magazine dedicated to the defense of American democratic ideals and opposing anti-Semitic and other chauvinistic attitudes, were distributed by the hundreds of thousands it would do much to curb the anti-foreign-born movement that threatens to mount unless we devote strenuous efforts to checking it.

New Masses, in publicizing this propaganda of the Laughlins, deserves the thanks and the continued help of everyone dedicated to human liberty. It is important to be continually reminded that one of our most important tasks is to check the hate which the racialists are engendering and to prevent the legalization of these hates.

New York City. Bernhard J. Stern.

Lincoln Brigade Boys

To New Masses: About three years ago the Spanish generals, traitors to their government, their country, and their people, rose in a bloody attempt to seize power. Repudiated and all but crushed by a determined populace, they were immediately compelled to unmask the real instigators of this attack on democracy. Hitler and Mussolini at once launched shameless and wholesale assistance to the traitors—hundreds of thousands of troops and endless shipments of supplies and munitions.

The essential democracy of the Spanish republic, doubted by the world despite facts and statistics, was over and over again proved in the life-blood of a people, as Spain mobilized behind her freely chosen leaders to defend her freedom and her independence. Deserted in her hour of desperate need by all countries save little Mexico and the faroff Soviet Union, Spain struggled with a self-sacrifice and a heroism unsurpassed in all history to defend the peace of Europe and the world and the very principles of civilization.

Though deserted by governments, Spain was not abandoned by their peoples. Help poured in from all corners of the earth, in the form of food, cloth-

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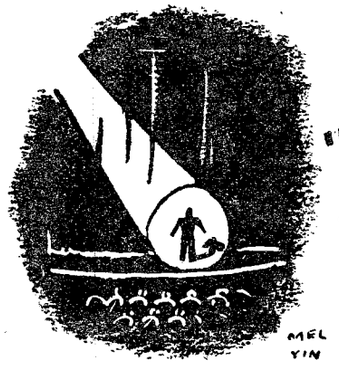

"...like being paid to see a hit show"

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This week's prize of $10 is unanimously awarded to Mr. Eddy Goodman of 50 Central Park West, New York City. His prize-winning slogan selected by the contest judges is:

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1. Everyone but NM staff members and their relatives is eligible.
2. The contest opens June 22 and closes September 4 (Labor Day).
3. Slogans must not exceed five words but may be less.
4. Here's how to qualify for the contest: Go to your friends, relatives, and professional acquaintances and convince them to become regular New Masses readers. While you are showing them the magazine and talking about its fine points you will find yourself expressing its qualities in terms your listeners are interested in. This is what will make up the grand prize slogan—a sharp, terse, and dramatic description of the usefulness of the magazine to progressive people.

   For every $1 twelve-week trial subscription you secure you may submit one slogan.

   For every $2.50 six-month subscription you may submit two slogans.

   For every $4.50 yearly subscription you may submit three slogans.

   If you are not a subscriber now, you may enter the contest by sending in your own yearly subscription ($4.50). If you are a subscriber, you may enter the contest merely by extending the life of your own current subscription for one year ($4.50).
5. All slogans submitted, whether winners or not, become the property of New Masses, and cannot be returned. In the event of a tie for weekly or grand prize the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.

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ing, and medical aid. Volunteers from no fewer than fifty-two countries hurried to her side and soon the International Brigades stood shoulder to shoulder with the Spanish people, fighting against the brutal and ruthless invaders of Spanish soil.

But the timid treachery of France, the cold and cynical caution of Britain, the confusion and indifference of the United States, at length took their toll. Today Franco and his barbarian friends enjoy their brief, uneasy hour of victory. Enthroned on the piled wreckage of justice, good faith, and humanity, with liberty, tolerance, and religion crushed underfoot, they grasp with desperate haste at Latin America, and, wrought with disunity, butcher the Spanish people in their nervous insecurity.

Spain will rise again, strong and free. But now in the hour of her agony, all who admire bravery and love democracy must think back to the beginnings of her martyrdom. Here in America we must especially learn well her lesson of vigilance and fortitude, taking full advantage of the respite gained at the cost of such awful pain and suffering.

More than twelve hundred of America's finest and most devoted sons laid down their lives in the noble struggle which we today commemorate. The American people cannot better honor their great service and recognize their self-sacrifice than by seeing to it that their disabled comrades-in-arms, returned to their homeland, are restored to the health and usefulness which will enable them to devote themselves to the struggles that lie ahead for American democracy and the American people. To finish this great task we have no longer the necessary funds. America's answer to Franco's cynical victory celebration of today must be the sending of generous dollars to our office (Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, 55 West 42nd St., New York City) for this most necessary and important assistance.

DAVID MCKELVY WHITE.

Harvey and the Bull

FROM way out in Springton, Idaho, comes a footnote on Harvey J. Kelly, the Hearst labor misadviser whom Bob Terrall wrote up in his recent Hearst pieces. Harvey, you know, is the company stooge that guildsmen boo whenever he mentions "freedom of the press" during union negotiations.

"I got quite a wallop out of your light treatment of our local man who made good, Harvey J. Kelly. For your own private amusement let me tell you that Harvey J. is known here as the Baron of Blue Lake. He has a summer home on his own private lake here, a little farm, and Black Pole Angus cattle (now twenty in number since the last babies came). The father of this little herd is small, hornless, tame as a black kitten, and can be pushed around like a wheelbarrow.

"Harvey J. Kelly creates quite a stir among the small-towners who are fortunate enough to get an invite out to his place. He feeds them free firewater (no mean attraction) and lets fall discreetly that he is making $2,000 per month in the insurance business.

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The Logic of Earl Browder

A review of "Fighting for Peace," in which the latest book by the general secretary of the Communist Party of the United States is appraised by Corliss Lamont.

ONE of the really sound ideas that the roving mind of the American philosopher William James put forward was that the world was woefully in need of "a moral equivalent for war," of a cause or ideal that would fire the energy and devotion of men to the same degree as the martial summons of nations and of armies bent on the madness of mutual destruction. Today we do not have to look far to find that "moral equivalent": it is summed up in the title of Earl Browder's book *Fighting for Peace* (International Publishers, 50 cents); and what it means in detail is set down in unmistakable terms in these simply written 250 pages by the general secretary of the Communist Party of the United States.

As Mr. Browder clearly shows, the fight for peace necessarily enlists all the various strengths and capabilities of man: courage, intelligence, idealism, endurance, alertness to changing conditions, and, in the last analysis, perhaps even physical force in defense of the citadels of civilization. I, for one, believe that the peace program which the author sets forth is right not because it is "Stalinist," or because Earl Browder happens to be a political leader who has grown increasingly in vision and stature over the past few years, but because his reasoning seems to me irrefutable and his affirmative propositions grounded in both logic and experience.

This book contains Mr. Browder's chief articles and addresses on the subject of peace and immediately related topics for the period from February 1938 through February 1939. The different chapters, each an independent unit in itself, follow one another in natural sequence and make the volume fairly closely knit in thought and structure. Part I concentrates on the issue of collective action versus isolation as the road to peace; Part II on the "September Days" of 1938 which culminated in the Munich betrayal; and Part III on the consequences of Chamberlain's and Daladier's noble effort to save fascism from the rising tide of democracy and socialism. The original date of each article or speech is important both because it places Mr. Browder's thought in the proper framework of events and because it indicates to what a remarkable extent he was able to anticipate what actually took place on the international scene.

Though obviously Mr. Browder's mind and pen function very effectively in their own right, his modest statement in the Foreword about the collective thinking behind this work seems to me of considerable significance. Here is what he says: "This book, like its predecessors, represents the results not of an isolated literary effort, but of a broad collaboration in the labor and peace movements of the United States, with my associates in the leadership of the Communist Party of the USA, and with the leaders of fraternal Communist Parties, especially of Latin America and Canada, France, Britain, Spain, China, the Philippines, and, in the first place, the Soviet Union." There can be no doubt that the movement which Mr. Browder represents, while national in the best sense of the word, is also international; and that it is steadily and surely building up something that might well be called a *world mind,* long a dream of statesmen and philosophers.

Browder's arguments on behalf of collective security and united action among the peace-loving peoples, against America's unneutral "neutrality" and our isolationist groups, have been made only more pertinent by Munich and subsequent developments. There is still just one way to prevent the world war which fascism threatens, and that is to establish an international peace front, overwhelming in its economic, military, and moral might and including both the United States and the Soviet Union. There can be no absolute certainty of course that such a peace front, after all the encouragement the fascist governments have received through appeasement, would keep Mussolini, Hitler, and the Japanese militarists from making one last desperate gamble and extending their ferocious attacks over the entire earth. But concerted action against aggression remains our sole chance of halting the Fascintern. And when the hideous fascist episode has become a thing of the past, we shall still have to rely, in my opinion, on the principle of collective security to maintain world peace.

It does not seem to me that Mr. Browder makes it sufficiently plain that collective security, which the French and British governments have done so much to sabotage in the last few years, was in the first instance written by those governments, under the stimulus of Woodrow Wilson, into the Covenant of the League of Nations twenty years ago. Under Article X of the League all members of that ill-fated organization pledged mutual assistance to one another in case of aggression. Hence the pro-fascist shilly-shallying of the French and British ruling cliques during recent years not only undermined the only peace policy which could possibly have succeeded, but also constituted a welching on the pledged word, affirmed and reaffirmed over no less than two decades, of the French and British governments. Truly, nothing has come to have less value in the world than the honor of an English or French gentleman of the upper class!

In his notable Madison Square Garden debate with Frederick J. Libby of the National Council for Prevention of War, the author admits that the United States is *relatively* immune from foreign invasion during the *immediate* period through which we are now passing. He then goes on to explain that Mr. Libby's position is that "since we are safe, we should risk nothing for the peace of the world." "I say," Browder answers this attitude, "precisely because we are safe for the present we, above all, must take the leadership in preserving the peace of the world, which is also to guarantee our own peace for the future. . . . The United States occupies a position as nearly ideal as one could hope to find in this imperfect world, for leadership in organizing world peace. Power without responsibility is soon dissipated. We propose that our country should accept the responsibility that goes with power."

It may appear paradoxical that Browder, the Marxist materialist, should uphold so eloquently the cause of moral idealism as against the materialistic, narrow-minded nationalism of the fervent Quaker, F. J. Libby (who, incidentally, used to teach me the Bible and Christian Ethics at the Phillips Exeter Academy twenty years ago). But in fact it is Browder's realistic materialism in philosophy that gives him such a firm and solid basis for the thoroughly humanistic and social-minded idealism which is a marked characteristic of this book.

There is no doubt in my mind, however, that Mr. Libby is perfectly sincere in his stand for American isolationism. But there are others who believe in appeasement, in isolation, in constant retreat and surrender before fascism, about whom I am not so sure. There is, unfortunately, such a thing as cowardice. Liberals-without-guts and radicals-without-guts are species that appear in all times of crisis—usually sitting in armchairs. Nothing embarrasses them today so much as the heroism of the Spanish and Chinese peoples; nothing irks them like the absolutely uncompromising stand of the Soviet Union against fascist aggression; nothing arouses them to such fury as the steady support which the Communist Parties the world over give to the policy of collective security. And I cannot help feeling that much of the wordy froth that is poured out these days on issues pertaining to peace is primarily a matter of the Yellows seeing red.

I wish that I had the space to review in some detail Mr. Browder's excellent chapter on the Moscow trials, in which he demonstrates how the American republic itself was on

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several occasions confronted with widespread treason in high places; his chapter on the Nazi pogroms, in which he issues the timely warning that "anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism are Siamese twins"; and his final chapter on the Soviet economy and its implications for the world, in which he shows how the planned socialism of the USSR has proved itself to be immeasurably superior to anarchic capitalism in the rest of the globe.

Fighting for Peace is a book as rich in its content as it is clear and correct in its conclusions. Had so-called statesmen and other midgets in the seats of the mighty followed the policies here enunciated, the world today would be well on its way toward peace; and if the world of today ever establishes peace, it will have to be along the lines of these policies.

CORLISS LAMONT.

Blake's New Novel

"The Painter and the Lady" reviewed by Edwin Berry Burgum.

IF WILLIAM BLAKE'S *The World Is Mine* was, as Burton Rascoe reported, "full of zim and zingo," his latest novel, *The Painter and the Lady* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50), sets one hunting for a redoubled superlative. The earlier book seems by comparison to have been written in the languid tempo of Andalusian provincialism. *The Painter and the Lady* is not simply French: it is positively *gascon,* Anatole France in high gear, Stendhal turned wit, at some sacrifice of emotional intensity but with immense increase of verve. It is amazing that an American could have written a novel so foreign. Both in style and point of view, it reads like a translation from the French, and it cannot fail to be taken, for the greater part, as an adequate reflection of the cynicism of bourgeois politics in France today.

Money counts in proportion to its volume, and one way of getting it is as good as another. Even the anti-Semite has his price, and "socialism" is only a threat used by the petty bourgeois to strengthen his position and blackmail his betters. The rules of the game may be wicked, but they exist, and all save the stupid and the artistic are governed accordingly. Such are the laws of conduct the novel subsumes. The stupid retreat, but the artist fights back, and the novel focuses its attention upon this special problem.

The revolt of the artist against society is an old romantic theme. What gives Blake's novel its interest is not any profound attention to the relation between the artist and his environment, but the sheer picaresque brilliance of his gift for story telling. The Byronic hero does not fascinate, as in Stendhal, because of his inner conflicts. He fascinates because of the kaleidoscope of adventures into which his temperament plunges him. If it were not for this difference of emphasis, the story of Stephane and Simone would be unpleasantly reminiscent of Julian Sorel and Mlle. de la Mole. But you scarcely note the resemblance because the story is handled not after the manner of *The Red and the Black* but that of *The Charterhouse of Parma.* For such temperaments, life is a web in which they are finally caught, and Blake keeps his eye on the web rather than the victim.

That is, until he is caught, and then the tone of the novel changes as the attention shifts to the subjective. It is this shift that saves the novel for the reader of left persuasions from sinking into the cynicism it has so cynically described. The defiance is hurled at last. The trap into which Stephane has fallen crystallizes his rejection of conventional life and his acceptance of the physical aspects of proletarian life into an articulate theory of revolution. He had once been in business, and old business associates, racketeers who now wish to get rid of certain rivals, have cleverly arranged their murder in such a way that circumstantial evidence as well as the argument of personal hostility leave Stephane without a loophole of escape. But after sentence has been imposed and he knows he must die, he addresses the court like a picaresque version of Dimitrov turned artist. He shouts his disdain for the cutthroat society in which he has been forced to live, and announces his belief that the artist can function only in the classless society which the future must bring forth out of the present depravity. It is an unorthodox approach to a pressing political problem, but not without its piquancy and its value.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

The Soviet Arctic

Ruth Gruber's story of pioneering in the Polar region.

NORTH of the 62nd parallel, halfway around the world from New York, the Soviet Arctic's wealth of lumber, furs, oil, and gold flows to world markets through the seaport of Igarka. Founded in 1929, Igarka has a population of fifteen to twenty thousand. Its Stalin is a woman. Most of its leaders are women. The women are also workers, who "paved streets, built houses, sawed wood, hauled lumber, and loaded ships, working side by side with men," as Ruth Gruber describes them in *I Went to the Soviet Arctic* (Simon & Schuster, $3).

Dr. Gruber, an American, had traveled to Igarka in search of women. Throughout Europe she had found members of her sex shackled under fascism, trapped elsewhere by economic crisis. In Moscow it was different; and when they told her that women lived and worked in the pioneer Soviet territory of the Arctic, she snatched at an opportunity to go and see for herself. Dr. Gruber found that these women were happy, exhilarated by their responsibilities in a physically hard, new world, conscious of their role in the whole Soviet civilization, and materially contented. The American visitor had to advise them—these people whom Berlin had pictured to her as starving—

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how to reduce. They were not unfeminine—one of the first questions they asked her was whether she had brought any new dress patterns. Four or five marriages a day took place—to six divorces a year—and they bore their children in free, excellent hospitals.

But the status of women, as it turned out, was only one phase of the amazing social phenomenon that Igarka represented. A frontier city without a jail. A newspaper with want ads but no "situations wanted." People who said "our" instead of "my" about everything from cabbages to heroes. A place where practically everyone looked forward instead of back, worked and studied twelve hours on end for five days and danced on the sixth. "Such security!" the author exclaims:

> Every youth in Igarka knew just where he was going; every child could tell you why he was born. I came across not one young person in that whole city who seemed lost. I looked fruitlessly for the old Dostoyevsky Russian who searched the universe for its soul. These people were concerned with the urgency of living and work, with the desire to build a new society in the Arctic.

The imagery in the book flows along so fast that the reader has to slow down to take it all in. Dr. Gruber was not only a newspaper correspondent—for the New York *Herald Tribune* and a news syndicate—and a traveler on the Yardley Foundation Fellowship, but a woman of tremendous curiosity and open-mindedness about the lives of other people. After several months in Igarka, she went to Dickson Island, the Soviet experimental station in the Arctic, and then on the *S.S. Anadyr* over the great Northern Sea Route, the first commercial voyage in history from the Pacific to the Atlantic across the top of the globe. This section of the book, which is comparatively brief, is sharper in adventure and scientific excitement, but it is Igarka which remains as a symbol of "the spirit of pioneering, the self-sacrifice for an ideal, the intense beauty which permeated the Arctic and the people who came to conquer it."

The author's first interest is obviously in human beings and their society. Definitely not a Communist, it is all the more significant that she says, after summing up her reactions to the Arctic, "But I couldn't help realizing that it was on Leninist principles that this new world was being founded," and points out that no private enterprise could ever achieve what the Soviet government has done in this Polar region.

BARBARA GILES.

Beatrice Tobias

What They Believe

Thirty-eight thinkers take their stand on questions of today.

SEVENTEEN of the contributors to *Living Philosophies,* published in 1931, have submitted "revised philosophies" to a new series of personal credos entitled *I Believe* (Simon & Schuster, $3.75). Twenty-one additional writers, including Franz Boas, Havelock Ellis, Ellen Glasgow, Harold Laski, Thomas Mann, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and John Strachey, are represented in the new volume edited by Clifton Fadiman.

The "revised" essays are especially interesting because they reflect the growth or decline of each contributor's mind during this fateful decade. Albert Einstein writes that his earlier statement "seems curiously remote and strange" today. He voices a feeling that runs through many of the essays:

> In these ten years confidence in the stability, yes, even the very basis for existence, of human society has largely vanished. One senses not only a threat to man's cultural heritage, but also that a lower value is placed upon all that one would like to see defended at all costs.

Seconding Einstein's attack on the democracies for lacking the courage and vision to resist fascist aggression, Lewis Mumford pleads for a positive attitude: "There is no means of cooperating with this systematic barbarism, except by cooperating with our own suicide." As late as 1937, Hu Shih, the "Father of the Chinese Renaissance," worked for a peaceful settlement between China and Japan; he was attacked for being "moderate and pacifistic." He adds that:

> When it became apparent that the conflagration was beyond control, I gave up my futile efforts of peace and openly supported China's war of resistance to Japanese aggression. I have temporarily forsaken my work in historical research and taken up war service, first as an unofficial observer abroad, and now as ambassador to the United States.

Bertrand Russell's statement, on the other hand, is another indication that he has become the cowardly philosopher of appeasement.

While Bertrand Russell was moving backward, his great compatriot, Beatrice Webb, was carefully studying the political, economic, and cultural organization of the USSR, where "The good life at which the citizen aims is the life that is beneficial to all his fellow men, irrespective of age or sex, religion or race." Mrs. Webb gives an excellent summary of the working philosophy of socialism and its monumental achievements in the So-

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viet Union. H. G. Wells' strenuous abstractions seem terribly futile after Mrs. Webb's confident statement. The very fine essays by Laski, Strachey, and Haldane give the lie to Mr. Wells' amazing assertion that "The element of hope for a new way of living in Soviet Russia has dwindled." Haldane writes:

> My philosophy is the philosophy of Marx and Engels, of Lenin and Stalin. It is a living philosophy all right. Millions of men and women live for it and, when the need arises, die for it. And on the intellectual level, too, it is alive and growing.

Boasting that he sees "no reason for altering a single item" of what he has written since 1905, H. L. Mencken's contribution to philosophy is a comparison between mice and men to the disadvantage of mankind. George Jean Nathan has sobered up a little: "The sounds of barbaric cannon, the cries of starving and helpless masses of men, the tears and curses of humanity reach to even the remotest ivory tower." But Mr. Nathan remains smug enough to call democracy "the least discommodious" form of government! Joseph Wood Krutch sticks pretty close to his original position, though he insists that he is now more acutely aware that "social and economic conditions" can make impossible the kind of superior being in which he is interested. John Dewey believes that the danger at present "is that in order to get away from the evils of private economic collectivism we shall plunge into political economic collectivism," but he does not seem to recognize that the supporters of "private economic collectivism" need not be reminded by a philosopher of that "danger."

The collection as a whole reflects a serious realization that the life of intelligence is jeopardized by the threat of fascism and war. There is enough timidity and confusion to make one painfully aware that some philosophies adjust themselves to facts with tragic reluctance, but there has at least been a real gain over the 1931 volume.

JONATHAN SPERLING.

The Abolitionists

"Gerrit Smith, Philanthropist and Reformer," by Ralph Harlow.

PROF. RALPH V. HARLOW'S *Gerrit Smith, Philanthropist and Reformer* (Henry Holt & Co., $4) marks another step in the Bourbon revisionist movement in American historiography. Some thirty years ago, under the late Professor Phillips, it started with these lies as its base: (1) the Negro is subhuman, or, at least, clearly an innately inferior species of humanity; (2) American Negro slavery was delightful, non-aggressive, and beneficial to all involved. From all this it was logically deduced that the Abolitionists, the fighters against Negro enslavement, were at best naive, deluded busybodies, or, more generally, vicious anti-social creatures whose ignorant fulminations finally precipitated upheaval and chaos.

Thus, to Professor Harlow, "children and Negroes" are alike. And the fact that the Abolitionists did not think so, their "absolute inability to see the Negro as he was," constituted their "overwhelming weakness." Then, to make perfectly clear his own conception of the Negro, Professor Harlow quotes a "joke" about the recently emancipated Negro who, on being asked whether he appreciated the glories of liberty, replied, "he would take some gin."

Moreover, says Professor Harlow, the Abolitionists knew little about the institution of slavery. Few "had any real firsthand acquaintance with the institution" and "their specialty was exaggeration and abuse . . . strong emotional appeal based largely on misrepresentation of the facts concerning slavery."

What nonsense! From the earliest days of our history to the very beginning of the Civil War, a very large proportion of the anti-slavery leaders had a vivid, intimate acquaintance with slavery. This is true of John Woolman and Warner Mifflin, of Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison, of Elias Hicks and James Birney, of Theodore Weld and Angelina Grimke, and scores more. And these are merely the white Abolitionists. There were, though Professor Harlow barely deigns to notice them, Negro Abolitionists whose awareness of slavery was seared upon their backs and engraved upon their minds which daily contemplated dear ones yet under the "patriarchal" institution: men and women like Frederick Douglass, Henry Bibb, Harriet Tubman, James Bradley, Josiah Henson, and literally thousands more. These Negro men and women not only knew slavery from personal experience but they brought that institution right to the door of all Americans, Gerrit Smith included.

Professor Harlow seems really to believe that the truculent and "unreasonable" language of the Abolitionists stopped the slaveholders from freeing their slaves and led them, rather against their will, to formulate and enunciate a pro-slavery ideology. Such an ideology was, however, as old as slavery. Moreover, it is perfectly clear that the large planters *never* seriously contemplated voluntary emancipation while even the smaller slaveholders, as a class, of the more northern slave states like North Carolina and Virginia, never, after 1803, intended to relinquish voluntarily their hold on hundreds of millions of dollars represented by strong black bodies. Also, the author would do well to absorb Professor Hesseltine's recent paper on the Abolition movement which showed that there is as much reason to believe that the Abolitionist movement arose in response to and in protest against the increasingly brazen enunciations of pro-slavery ideas by the Southerners, as to believe the opposite.

Professor Harlow's inability to conceive of the slavocrats as the aggressors in the theoretical conflict carries over into a denial of their aggressiveness in action. That slavocratic expansionism was important in bringing on the Mexican War is simply dismissed

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as pure "legend" while the Civil War itself appears to have been precipitated by the wild course of the nefarious Abolitionists. Professor Harlow's heroes are of the caliber of Gen. John Cocke or Thomas Gantt, who denounced both the pro- and anti-slavery forces and attempted to maintain an impossible neutrality as concerns two diametrically opposed forces, one of which had to triumph. Such men were "sane, temperate . . . true philosophers." Such men were and are, willy-nilly, allies of reaction.

The Abolitionists had their failings, made mistakes, wandered off at times into sectarian morasses, but, taken as a whole, those men and women, white and Negro, were consistent and courageous fighters against the most shameful blot that has ever marred our nation.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Brief Reviews

"Mr. Emmanuel," Louis Golding's novel about Nazi inhumanity.

LOUIS GOLDING'S *Mr. Emmanuel* (Viking, $2.50) takes the patriarch of Magnolia Street on an eventful mission to Nazi Germany. The lonely old clerk, lovable when he is not somewhat improbable, becomes attached to Bruno Rosenheim, a young refugee. Bruno's Jewish father has been murdered by the Nazis. His Gentile mother is still alive in Germany. Bruno grows despondent and falls ill when he fails to hear from his mother. Mr. Emmanuel goes to Berlin to find out what has happened to her. Arriving at about the same time that a Nazi official is shot by a Jew in Switzerland, he is accused by the Gestapo of complicity in the affair, thrown into a concentration camp, and brutally tortured. Mr. Emmanuel is finally released through the good offices of Elsie Silver, formerly of Magnolia Street and now the mistress of Willi Brockenburg, Nazi ringleader.

There is much in the plot to strain the reader's credibility, but the fundamental truth about Nazi barbarism is told here rather effectively. The contrast between the gentle, sympathetic, self-sacrificing character of Mr. Emmanuel and the stupid, depraved character of his Nazi tormentors is underscored throughout the novel. *Mr. Emmanuel* suffers from some of the faults of *Magnolia Street:* it goes overboard a little on the sentimental side, and its character analysis is a bit thin. But it does succeed in pointing up Nazi inhumanity, and it is comforting to note that this anti-fascist novel is reaching such a wide audience.

R. N.

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Stix Nix Fink Pix

Bob Burns brings Hollywood to Van Buren and his hometown yawns . . . Stunt premiere of Paramount's anti-labor film gets hometown labor protest.

Van Buren, Ark.

BARNUM doesn't live here any more. This quiet little Ozark town was chosen by Paramount Pictures for the world premiere of the anti-labor film *Our Leading Citizen* because the star, Bob Burns, used to live here. Hollywood rolled into Van Buren replete with flawlessly tailored and exquisitely coiffured juveniles, klieg lights, portable sound systems, motorized police from two states with sirens open, ballyhoo artists, and the star himself, muttering drolleries. The local reactionary press, the American Legion, the state militia, the Chamber of Commerce, and the mayor were ready for them. The people were, too, but not in the frame of mind Paramount expected.

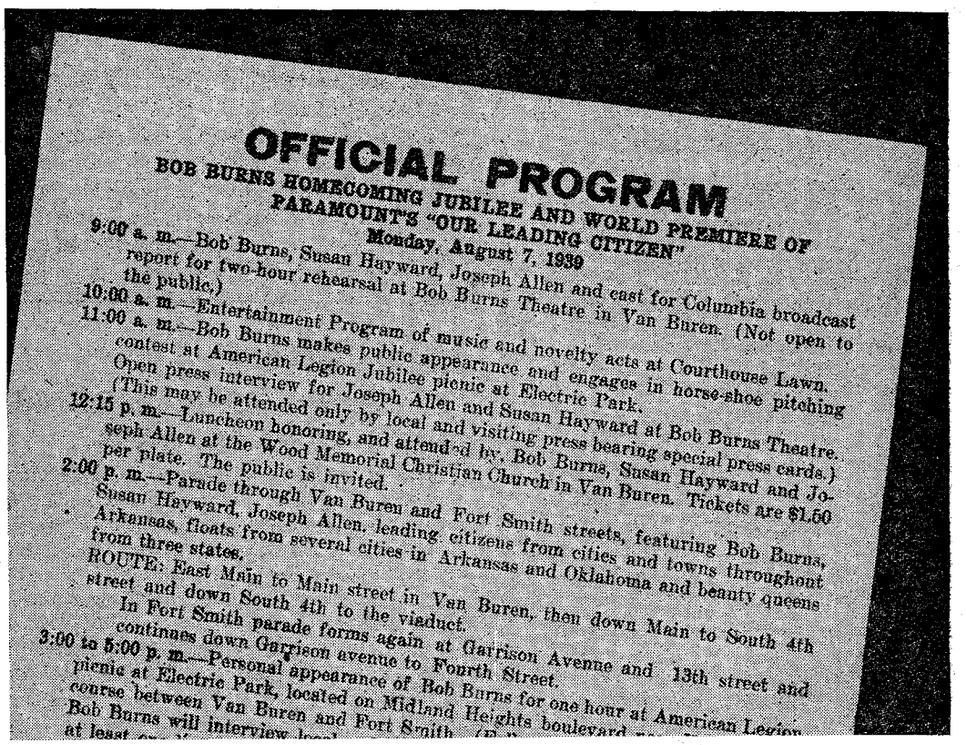
When Bob Burns went on the air after the premiere he pulled his funniest crack of the day, "There are a hundred thousand people in little old Van Buren tonight, yes sir." There weren't more than ten thousand, and half of them live here. Across the river in Fort Smith, which was also being honored with the first sniff at Paramount's stinkbomb, the indifference was maddening. There the film was shown in four theaters simultaneously and the straggling audiences could hear the managers quietly weeping on their ledgers in the midst of Burns' big scenes. In an area where four years ago vigilantes flogged and jailed relief strike leaders, this change may seem surprising.

The biggest reason for the vast ho-hum of the good people of Sebastian and Crawford counties in the face of Hollywood's dazzling union-busting cortege is the fact that Grandpa Snazzy, Aunt Boo, and Bob Burns' sundry first, second, third, and fourth cousins have joined the United Furniture Workers local or other CIO affiliates. They have learned to read the *Labor Journal* published by the Fort Smith Labor Council instead of confining themselves to the tory Van Buren *Press Argus,* often mentioned in Burns' broadcasts. Three days before the movie invasion the *Labor Journal* ripped away the Paramount hokum with a front page streamer, "BOB BURNS' LATEST PICTURE IS ANTI-LABOR." By the time the cinema safari hit Van Buren, copies of the union paper were worn to tatters from being passed around in furniture factories, smelting plants, coal mines, glass works, canneries, garment shops, laundries, restaurants, scissors factories, railroad terminals, farm-processing and woodworking plants. Most of the unions in these industries are now CIO. The Ozark people were ready.

The day before Van Buren became immortal Burns arrived in a maroon car the size of a firetruck, accompanied by a hired motorcade with leaden hands on the sirens. They tooled down traffic-less streets amidst a colossal crowd of fifteen hundred sunbeaten people. The producers announced in advance that only SPECIAL PARAMOUNT PRESS CARDS would admit legitimate newspapermen (hand-picked stooges) to radio auditions, broadcasts, and personal interviews, of which there were at least fifty such on the day's bill. Surrounded by a great school of studio flacks, Burns and the love leads, Susan Hayward and Joseph Allen, made themselves ready for the press. Reporters stayed away in large numbers and the players became so flustered they were handing out prepared copy to high school sophomores who had sidled up to play twenty questions. NEW MASSES' intrepid correspondent forced the admissions that Miss Hayward adores Helen Hayes, Mr. Allen likes fried chicken, and Mr. Burns isn't sure where he was born. By late afternoon interviews were a dime a dozen with no takers.

By five o'clock the Bob Burns Homecoming Jubilee had progressed through a horseshoe pitching contest between Burns and Gov. Carl E. Bailey (Democratic backslider) which the star won, a $1.50 a plate luncheon at the Wood Memorial Christian Church, and a parade through Van Buren and Fort Smith, described in the non-union-printed handbill as, featuring the stars, "leading citizens from cities and towns throughout Arkansas, floats from several cities in Arkansas and Oklahoma, and beauty queens from three states." There had also been two press interviews, a radio rehearsal, and an invitation reception to the stars at the Hardscrabble Country Club. At five o'clock two thousand people had witnessed the parade, the *Times Record* had panted off the presses with the news that Mr. Allen loved Miss Hayward, and a cheerful Arkansas drunk named Gabe had sworn at an Oklahoma patrolman. (Nolle prossed.)

The stars, the Burns scriptwriter Duke Atterbury, Mayor and Mrs. Tom English, and a covey of studio people arrived at this point at Doc Meier's drugstore, in the maroon sedan with its new white tires sucking softly on the street. A crowd of six hundred shuffled from one foot to another. Fifty state police and a company of militia from the local armory fell over each other trying to keep the crowd in order. Duke Atterbury, an *Esquire* fashion plate, tweaked his yellow mustache and fingered his special green ground sun glasses. More police cars swooped down the street until there were almost as many guardians of order as there were onlookers. A baby started to squall. A cameraman dropped a flashlight bulb and cursed aloud. Uncle Gus Rucks, a town character mentioned frequently in Burns' Ozark arcana, appeared. He is



OFFICIAL PROGRAM

BOB BURNS HOMECOMING JUBILEE AND WORLD PREMIERE OF PARAMOUNT'S "OUR LEADING CITIZEN"

Monday, August 7, 1939

9:00 a. m.—Bob Burns, Susan Hayward, Joseph Allen and cast for Columbia broadcast report for two-hour rehearsal at Bob Burns Theatre in Van Buren. (Not open to the public.)

10:00 a. m.—Entertainment Program of music and novelty acts at Courthouse Lawn.

11:00 a. m.—Bob Burns makes public appearance and engages in horse-shoe pitching contest at American Legion Jubilee picnic at Electric Park.

Open press interview for Joseph Allen and Susan Hayward at Bob Burns Theatre. (This may be attended only by local and visiting press bearing special press cards.)

12:15 p. m.—Luncheon honoring, and attended by, Bob Burns, Susan Hayward and Joseph Allen at the Wood Memorial Christian Church in Van Buren. Tickets are $1.50 per plate. The public is invited.

2:00 p. m.—Parade through Van Buren and Fort Smith streets, featuring Bob Burns, Susan Hayward, Joseph Allen, leading citizens from cities and towns throughout Arkansas, floats from several cities in Arkansas and Oklahoma and beauty queens from three states.

ROUTE: East Main to Main street in Van Buren, then down Main to South 4th street and down South 4th to the viaduct.

In Fort Smith parade forms again at Garrison Avenue and 13th street and continues down Garrison avenue to Fourth Street.

3:00 to 5:00 p. m.—Personal appearance of Bob Burns for one hour at American Legion picnic at Electric Park, located on Midland Heights boulevard [illegible] course between Van Buren and Fort Smith. [illegible] Bob Burns will interview [illegible] at least

WHAT MADE VAN BUREN YAWN. *The non-union-label handbill announcing the events of the Bob Burns Homecoming Jubilee where "Our Leading Citizen" was unveiled.*

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eighty, a deeply tanned old gaffer, with a white mustache and fierce black eyebrows. Duke Atterbury began whispering dramatically into Uncle Gus' ear, oblivious to the fact that Uncle Gus is quite deaf.

A publicity scene was to be shot in Doc's drugstore. Burns smoked a pipe and donned a soda-jerker's apron. Miss Hayward and Mr. Allen came out graciously to acknowledge the plaudits of the crowd. Mr. Allen waved. The crowd was silent. Duke Atterbury bustled about nervously, talking to sound men, assistant cameramen. He lives a mad life.

Miss Hayward put a wadded napkin in the pouch of a slingshot she had picked up in the drugstore and aimed at one of the sound men. The gumband broke and the wad fell in her lap. A few people laughed. The woman with the baby walked away. Other people followed her. Burns popped his head out the door and Doc Meier waved "ready." The whitecoated Negro chauffeur in the maroon sedan grinned. Shooting began inside. Retakes of Burns serving rootbeer floats. Burns tells a corny joke. The perspiring camera crew takes a few closeups, careful to keep the thinning crowd out of the frame. "Print that," says someone and the stunt is over. Miss Hayward and Mr. Allen are "whisked away in a waiting automobile purring at the curb"; Burns stays to sign autographs.

The NEW MASSES man has a coke in the drugstore. Burns wearily but genially signs the kids' books, shakes hands, wheezes a few jokes. It was kind of sad watching him, knowing he still had a round of personal appearances at six theaters, a special broadcast, and a dance. Everywhere he was "just plain folks," fooling these people and perhaps himself.

The grand premieres drew neither crowds nor comment. Although the streets were deserted in the mellow Ozark dusk, the sirens kept screaming at so much a scream. Van Buren folks said, "too much Hollywood" and went to bed at their usual hours.

The business men stayed up late. It had cost each one $25 to the Chamber of Commerce—American Legion committee for flags, floats, plugs, and puffs. An entire hundred thousand people were supposed to press into Van Buren. Small business men looked dolefully at their overstocks of perishables. They hadn't had much sleep the past week, arranging special window displays, hiring extra help, and puzzling out distinctive special ads for the *Press Argus*.

At 10:30 there was a dance at the "21" Club, Midland Boulevard. "Jimmy Grace and his orchestra. $2.20 per couple. The public is invited. Miss Hayward and Mr. Allen will make a personal appearance at the dance. Proceeds of the dance go to the general committee." Before your correspondent left Van Buren he stopped for burger at an allnite eatery. The heavy-set proprietor sat on the steps of his joint and said, "I wouldn't feel bad about the money, at least not as bad as I do, providin' they'd just shut off them God damn sirens."

JAMES B. BEATTY.

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Another Banned Film

New York's censors decide against the French movie "Harvest."

THE New York film censors have proscribed another French film, *Harvest,* made from Jean Giono's novel, *Regain.* The picture is an idyllic parable of man, woman, and the earth, replete with symbols of fertility and hunger, laid in Provence in the Basses-Alpes. The story of *Harvest* is general and mystical, a representative work of the only type of literature we can still share with the fascist countries. Giono, a kind of Rousseau crossed with Spengler, is popular in Italy and Germany because his vaporous blood-and-soil themes can be interpreted within Nazi ideology. Panturle, the farmer of the picture, symbolizes man's relish for woman, children, bread, and kitchen—surely a noble aspiration, but the author chooses to look back upon his idyl rather than in expectation. He presumes that machine and city civilization despoils his Provencal Eden and his villain is a fool and knave from this money civilization. Panturle is a kind of rustic derelict who becomes the last man to remain in a deserted hilltop town, surrounded by fallow fields and decay. Arsule, the woman, is traveling with Gedemus, a loutish knifegrinder, and Panturle steals her. At her inspiration he sets his desolate house in order and sows his wheat and offspring. Such smallhold agriculture with the woman a serf and the science of agriculture reduced to a medieval rite of fertility is excellent Nazi brummagem. Giono is not a fascist. He is the perfect illustration of how refusing to think endears you to the Nazis.

The man's motivation is honest and his talent wild and powerful. As Marcel Pagnol brings *Regain* to the screen it is a fetching piece but no more so than a twelfth century illuminated Book of Hours or the harvest figures on Chartres Cathedral. Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky* is actually laid in the middle ages and it is a more modern work than this. Jean Renoir's keen distinction between historical films that contribute insight into the movement of history and most films of contemporary setting that are nothing but period pieces will have to be stretched to include this curious picture. In trying to be timeless Giono has succeeded in making a medieval morality play. Reacting against modern phenomena he uses a purely reactionary, primitive nostalgia. The author himself hides away from society like the noble savage. Man's truest relationship with the soil and the wheat in our time is the collective farm in the USSR, where the machines of Giono's hated city are brought to the land to make it fruitful. Panturle and Arsule, sowing their grain by hand, are a wistful mockery. When Panturle proudly shows his bloody hands cracked by manual threshing, the Nazi idea of sacrifice and pain as a reward for life is well expressed. The Soviet farmer is proud of the giant thresher.

Fernandel as the knifegrinder is a medieval itinerant craftsman, a clever and evil outsider,

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the symbol of city chicanery. When the knife-grinder calmly exacts a sum of money for his purloined woman, Giono makes his bitterest taunt at contemporary materialism.

There is an eloquent naturalistic sequence in *Harvest* when Panturle comes to his neighbor, L'Amoreaux, to borrow seed. As they talk over a table in the shady farmyard a cock crows. In Hollywood there would be the crowing of a hundred cocks with rapid closeups of chickens to bang over the idea that Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson were now in a farmyard, or the cock-a-doodle would be used as a gimmick in the plot, but here the unseen cock crows because it seemed to happen in L'Amoreaux's yard as Panturle drank his friend's wine and ogled a thumping loaf from Alphonsine's oven.

The censors object because Panturle and Arsule are not legally married like Dixie Davis and Hope Dare. It may also rile the proprieties of the official tasters that Gedemus takes payment for his woman in a lump sum instead of the $2 installments popular in New York State. I think the picture should have a tractor and the censors think it should have a wedding. That is the difference between me and the New York State Board of Motion Picture Censors.

Unlike the bulldogs at our moral floodgates, I think the picture should be shown. If they let me put my Stalin tractor in the lobby they can have a wedding on the stage.

FOUR FEATHERS

If Kipling were alive he'd be a member of the company union, Screen Playwrights, and an employee of Alexander Korda. Korda's latest contribution to the empire upon which the sun never sets (unless you mean the Rising Sun) is *Four Feathers*. It is, of course, colossal and they shot a good deal of it in Africa, with five thousand natives at 12 cents a day, looking very handsome in technicolor. Chinese Gordon gets bumped off at Khartoum while Faversham, the hero, is a small boy. When he gets his chance a decade later to avenge the deed, he doesn't want it, sensible fellow. But the white man's burden is no easy load, although at first it consists only of four white feathers for his cheek in letting the empire down. Off goes the sixth Royal North Surrey with Ralph Richardson carrying on, while Faversham becomes a hunted thing, an outcast from the Cliveden set of the period. But why go on? All of my readers are aware that General Kitchener avenged the deed and established lasting peace, civilization, and the 12 cent day among the misguided natives. By God, what would United Artists do if the Royal North Surrey hadn't made the Nile safe for location trips?

Faversham sneaks into Africa and anonymously helps Kitchener subdue England's darker cousins, wins the girl, and thereby turns the stomach of the civilized moviegoer. Ralph Richardson must know better because he turns his big scene, where he is struck blind by the African sun, into the neatest bit of horseplay he has done yet.

JAMES DUGAN.

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